# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

## The Week.

THAT learned jurist, ex-Judge Thomas M. Cooley, gives very clearly and concisely to the *Evening Post* his opinion as to what the Senate ought to do to put an end to the disgraceful deadlock which a minority of its members are maintaining. "Members of the majority," he says, "should make the proper motions looking to definite and final action on the pending measure, and the presiding officer should recognize them, since only in that way can the inalienable right of the Senate to express its will be exercised." This places the whole matter in a nutshell. The talk about the Vice-President having no power to act in this matter because he is not elected as a member of the Senate is the sheerest nonsense. The Constitution not only provides that he shall be President of the Senate, but it gives him a casting vote whenever the Senate is equally divided. This is as specific a grant of all the powers of a presiding officer as could be asked. If some Senator will make the necessary motion for a vote on the repeal bill, and the Vice-President will sustain him, the latter will be the most popular man in the United States.

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Senator Vest tried to turn a very sharp corner on Monday when asked how he expected to pass a tariff bill or the repeal of the election laws if it were true, as he contended, that "one-fifth of the Senators present can prevent the passage of any legislation." His reply was: "When we reach the election bill and the tariff bill, . . . the responsibility of defeating the will of the majority will rest properly where it belongs." What this means, if it means anything, is that when a majority is all of one party and the minority all of another, then obstruction is outrageous and the responsibility of defeating the will of the majority something fearful, which no Senator or group of Senators could endure for a moment. But it is utterly impossible to make any such distinctions either in theory or in practice. A partisan majority is no more sacred than any other. Indeed, a majority made up of members of both parties has a far greater presumption in its favor of standing for the popular will. A question that cuts, like the repeal bill, right across party lines, gives the best of all opportunities for Senators to align themselves in accordance with the real interests of the people. No majority whipped into line by a party caucus could ever have such moral weight. More than that, if the majority rule is to be defied, it will make an end of all parties. Submission to the majority is their vital breath. If a minority can defeat a law which the majority want, it can defeat the will of a caucus, can repudiate party pledges, can bolt a platform or a candidate with just as good right. Senator Vest cannot cut up all government by the roots and hope to leave government by party uninjured. His statement of his own position is his sufficient humiliation and condemnation.

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There is evidence that the silver craze is waning in Kansas as well as in Nebraska. It will be remembered that the recent Democratic State convention in the latter State rejected free coinage by a vote of three to one, and heartily endorsed President Cleveland's position. No State convention is to be held in Kansas this year, but the Democratic conventions in three of the most populous counties have just nominated straight party tickets, in one county for the first time in four years, while in one convention a free-coinage resolution was offered and defeated, one being adopted in its stead which endorsed the President's course. As only last year free coinage was almost universally endorsed by the Kansas Democrats, and they "fused" with the Populists in support of Weaver for President, the change in sentiment revealed by these conventions is most significant.

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The bankruptcy of the Union Pacific Railroad brings up anew the question how the maturing claim of the Government upon that corporation shall be adjusted. This question has been before Congress nearly ten years, and has received fitful attention. But Congress never gives more than fitful attention to any subject that is not immediately pressing. Now the subject becomes a pressing one. The debt matures at various periods from 1895 to 1899, and amounts to upwards of $52,000,000 net. Congress can no longer dodge the problem of Union Pacific finances, if it can once get its own finances straightened out. What the bankruptcy of the company illustrates most strikingly is the absolute collapse of business west of the Missouri. New competition and over-extension had no doubt prepared the way for trouble; financiering based upon Government subsidies, which made a memorable scandal in our history, piled up obligations which the company is now not able to meet. Yet it is probable that the great system would have maintained its solvency had its ordinary earnings been assured. But the net returns over operating expenses, which in April nearly equalled the returns of 1892, decreased from last year's net by $578,497 in June, and by $724,402 in July. The decrease for July represented a falling off of nearly 50 per cent.; the August earnings, not yet reported, will probably show heavier losses still. For the seven reported months, the net returns were more than two millions and a half below the seven months' returns in 1892. For all this frightful wreck of business the responsibility lies primarily at the door of the silver agitation. The loss of earnings is the visible sign of shrinkage and distress in the country through which the Union Pacific runs. It is grim justice which has meted out the heaviest penalties to the hotbeds of this silver craze, the States whose Senators are now leading in the struggle to block legislation.

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The new Chinese-exclusion law reported on Wednesday week by Congressman McCreary, and passed on Monday almost unanimously, makes some approach to humanity and decency, as may be inferred from the fact that Congressman Geary of California opposed it. Luckily, his sand-lots arguments and threats did not prove as formidable as they were a year ago. It is to be presumed, moreover, that the amendments of the law reported from the committee on foreign affairs are acceptable to the Chinese Government, in the sense that they are the most to be hoped for at present, and take a good deal of the cruelty and insult out of the statute of May 5, 1892. The color line is not any longer to be drawn by the infamous phrase of the old law, "one credible white witness," and the period for taking out certificates is extended by six months. Further, the amendments make a definition of the word "laborer," instead of leaving it undefined, so as to be applicable to almost any Chinaman whatever. We do not find "highbinding" included in the definition, and this would seem to upset the recent decision of the California judge that it is a form of manual labor.

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The Bar Association has lost no time in showing that the attitude of its members towards Judge Maynard has not been modified since it pronounced him guilty of one of the "gravest offences known to the law." By a practically unanimous vote it declares that his nomination was "one not fit to be made," and "urges upon every citizen, irrespective of party, and especially upon all lawyers, the paramount duty of opposing to the utmost the attempt to reward unworthy conduct with a seat on the bench of our highest judicial tribunal." If Maynard has any friends among the lawyers of this city, they are very shy about appearing in public in his behalf, for the three or four of them

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who were present at the Bar Association's meeting when this declaration was made, were careful to keep in the background. The proposal which was made to appoint a committee of nine to procure the indictment and trial of Maynard for felony was voted down—very wisely, we think, because it would have been an impossibility to accomplish anything in that direction within the few weeks before the election. His case is before the people for decision, and the verdict must be rendered at the polls in November.

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Gov. Flower came to town on Saturday without a "discreet mentor" of any kind in attendance upon him, and while in this exposed position was caught by the reporters and asked to talk about Maynard. He responded with perfect frankness, and the result was a clearer revelation of the governor's moral and mental attributes than the public has heretofore been permitted to enjoy. His main point in Maynard's behalf is that, while it is true that Maynard was a thief, it cannot be denied that he was stealing for the people the "constitutional rights" which the Republican party had stolen away from them [the Democrats] through an unjust apportionment. We think it safe to say that this is the first time that the governor of an American State has taken the position openly that theft is a justifiable and praiseworthy method for recovering lost "constitutional rights," and that the thief should be paid for his crime by placing him on the bench of the State's highest court to interpret its laws.

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It is doubtful if the power of any former Tammany boss has been as absolute as that which Croker is exercising at present. There is no concealment of the fact that he is selecting all the candidates for all the offices. He decides what Senators and Assemblymen shall be allowed to return to Albany, what men shall go on the ticket as delegates to the Constitutional Convention, who shall run for comptroller, district attorney, and the judgeships, and who shall be "turned down." When it is remembered that the man who exercises this power was an ordinary rowdy or "tough" till he took to politics, that he is without education, that he is very rich to-day, though he declared on the witness-stand a few years ago that he was a poor man, that the men who are associated with him in the direction of the city government are, like him, amassing fortunes, the wonder of it all is that the people of the city remain quiet under his dictatorship. Why is he able not merely to put criminals and semi-criminals in office, but to "turn down" honest officials simply because they do not obey his orders, or because they commit that to him unpardonable offence of commenting on his sudden wealth and asking its sources?

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Discussion of the World's Parliament of Religions continues in the pulpit and the religious press, and the verdicts on it run all the way from hearty praise to shuddering contempt. The Rev. Dr. Dix is reported to have characterized the Parliament on Sunday as a "masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity." It is a little difficult to understand such heat. What was done at Chicago was simply to illustrate in a concrete form what travel and the comparative study of religions have for years been bringing to the minds of men. Those types of belief and religious theory which travellers and such publications as 'The Sacred Books of the East' have made more and more familiar, were grouped, by their representatives, on the platform at Chicago, and it is difficult to see why those who admit the educating value of travel and the comparative method should condemn the display of their well-known results. It recalls the intense prejudice which existed fifty years ago in this country against a theological education gained in Germany. There was no telling what ideas a man might bring back from a land where theological professors encouraged free inquiry and drank beer. That has pretty much passed away, and even the most orthodox of American seminaries have their fellowships to send promising graduates for two or three years' study in German universities. Indeed, it is now no small part of the glory of some of the most eminent of the conservative theologians of this country, that they went through, in their youth, the perils of German rationalism, and came out absolutely unscathed.

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The American Board of Foreign Missions has at last got itself out of the absurdity in which it has been floundering for the past dozen years. For all that time it has been setting up its authority above that of the churches whose creature it is. It has refused to appoint as missionaries, on the ground that they were not orthodox, men whom the churches declared to be orthodox, and whose ministerial good standing in this country was never questioned, not even by the men who prevented them from becoming missionaries to the heathen. This defiance of its maker by the machinery could not go on for ever, despite the skill with which some of the secretaries have managed to obstruct and thwart the majority of the denomination in a way to put even Senator Stewart to the blush. Thursday's vote at Worcester ends all that. The case was fortunately made up for the liberals. Mr. Noyes is a man of unquestioned scholarship and character, has actually been supported for some years in Japan as an independent missionary, and his appointment under the board was desired by all the native churches and by the other missionaries in Japan. Under these circumstances it is surprising that as many as twenty-four members of the board were willing to stultify themselves and their church by voting that the appointment should not be made. But they were outvoted, five to one, and the decisive majority, together with the changes in the personnel and powers of the prudential committee which are to be made, puts an end to an intolerable situation. Whatever may be the theological bearings of the decision, its practical effects must be good, since it will enable the churches which support the board to make it do what they want done, and will put an end to the ludicrous notion that a man who is orthodox in the United States is made heterodox by going to Japan.

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We have seen the end of the Briggs case so many times that a sceptical public has come to doubt if there will ever be a real end of it, and sure enough, to justify that doubt, word comes that the Presbyterian Synod of Ohio has been fighting that battle over again, as the New York Synod will also soon be doing in its turn. Meanwhile, there is some significance to be seen in the honorary degree of D.D. conferred upon Prof. Briggs by Williams College in connection with its centennial celebration. That he should be singled out at this point in his career as a man whom an institution delights to honor that has been so long supposed to stand for conservatism in theology, is suggestive, to say the least. Particularly is it so in view of the fact that the most prominent of the Williams graduates in the Presbyterian ministry are stout opponents of Prof. Briggs.

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That was a very handsome notice, as the publishers say, which the editor of the *Sun* gave the Bible in his lecture on journalism before the students of Union College. He put it in the first place among the authorities of modern journalism, and altogether paid it such a touching and heartfelt tribute that the honest young fellows before him broke into applause. It is a curious thing, by the way, that such a welcome is usually accorded by believers to the confessions of unbelievers. The testimony borne to the power of religion and the divinity of Christianity by those whose forte is not exactly a religious one, is always accorded greater weight in apologetic writings than the witness of the greatest saints. How often have the words of Rousseau and Napoleon in praise of Christ been cited for the confusion of the wicked! Thus we see that the applause of the Union students is not altogether without precedent.

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At the very opening of the football season, Mr. Walter Camp, speaking of some of the gloomy aspects of the outlook, referred to a horrible rumor that the Yale faculty would not allow the Yale team to play the annual Thanksgiving game with Princeton in this city. This was on account of the orgies of the students after last year's game. Mr. Camp could only say that the rumor ought to be sufficient to make every loyal Yale man take a vow that he would not be seen in the streets of New York on Thanksgiving night either drunk or disorderly. But it is just reported from New Haven that the faculty have devised a more excellent way. They have agreed to let the game be played on condition that the manager shall go to Superintendent Byrnes and "request that he arrest all disorderly Yale men on Thanksgiving eve and the night following." We hope now to see the Princeton faculty make similar terms. In time we may, with the vigorous coöperation of the police, arrive at the idea that a brawler is a brawler, even if he is able to add a college yell to his other means of disturbing the public peace.

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Judge Abbett's charge, delivered to the grand jury at Trenton last week, urging the investigation of the recent hazing at Princeton and the indictment of the offenders for assault and battery, will of itself have a good effect. Coupled with the announcement of the public prosecutor that he will press the investigation with all diligence, it will, as Dean Murray of the college declares, remind the students who maltreat their fellows under the name of hazing that they "are amenable not only to the college faculty, but also to the civil courts of New Jersey." Hazing is a remnant of barbarism which carries its own mental and moral debasement with it, but perhaps its indirect evils are as great as its direct. Of these none is greater than the idea which it fosters that some classes of men are above the law. What sort of training for law-abiding citizenship is it to give college students to understand that they can with impunity subject another to personal indignities and perils, for which the law would speedily and severely punish less favored offenders? Equality before the law is of the very foundation of democratic government. That this truth should be brought home to Princeton students by showing them that some of their number are in danger of two years' imprisonment, may be very unpleasant for them and painful to the college authorities, but it is in the interest of good morals and good citizenship.

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There has been another failure in the attempt to overcome the lawlessness which has so long prevailed in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. A bloody feud between the French and Eversole factions in Perry County had raged so long and embroiled so many people, not only in that county, but also in neighboring counties, that there was no hope of bringing the offenders to justice by the usual methods. Although court could be held under the protection of troops, every imaginable obstacle prevented the serving of processes or the procuring of a jury, and trials were rarely more than a farce. The Legislature accordingly passed a law in 1890 which provided that the commonwealth might transfer such cases to a county safely removed from the scene of disturbance whenever it became manifest that a trial could not be had in the ordinary way, and the cases against the surviving participants in the French-Eversole feud were transferred to Clark County. They were very numerous, and for three years have greatly obstructed the civil business of the court in Clark County, while it appeared to be no easier to secure a conviction than in Perry, as witnesses could not be procured and no case at all could be made out against the surviving leaders in the feud. At last it has been decided to file away the indictments, upon the promise of the defendants to behave themselves. Meanwhile the spirit of the feud is still alive, and it is thought to be unsafe for certain of the old leaders to return to their homes. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which has labored zealously for years to abate this scandal, deplores the humiliating result, but finds ground for encouragement in the fact that there has been a gradual improvement in the condition of the mountain region, through the incoming of the schoolmaster, the railroad, and the capitalist. "The redemption of the mountains," it says, "will be completed, as it was begun, by the material development of the section, the building of railroads, the infusion of new ideas, along with new population, including the pedagogue and the editor."

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After the race on Friday it cannot be claimed that the latest contest for the *America's* cup has put an end to the controversy as to the comparative merits of centre-boards and keels in racing-yachts. The question is as open a one now as it ever has been. Whatever superiority the *Vigilant* may have shown in the first two races, it cannot be denied that in the final one she came out with only even honors with *Valkyrie*. In going to windward in a heavy blow, *Valkyrie* surpassed her antagonist. In running home before the wind there is no doubt that *Vigilant* showed greater speed. She recovered the two minutes, or nearly that, which she had lost in the beat to windward, and had passed *Valkyrie* when the latter's spinnaker was split, but for which accident the English yacht might have won the race by a few seconds on her time allowance. Of course accidents are part of the chances which the builders of racing yachts must have in mind, and if *Valkyrie* had not been seeking the advantage which a light spinnaker was supposed to confer, the accident would not have happened. It appears, also, that *Vigilant's* centre-board got jammed and that she was hampered somewhat by this in her run home. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, it is plain from this final test that the yachts were very closely matched, and that if *Valkyrie* had carried the additional ballast and greater sail area that she had in her English races, she might have given *Vigilant* a much harder task to save the cup. The two yachts are, in fact, a credit to the skill of the two countries which have produced them.

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An electoral bill with clauses conferring full suffrage upon women, having passed its third reading before both houses of Parliament in New Zealand, has received the formal assent of the governor, an officer appointed by the crown; the act becomes operative at the next general election in December, 1893. For three successive years the popular branch of the Legislature passed enfranchisement acts which gave women of European races the right to vote for all offices and on all matters on the same terms as men of European races; they were, however, prohibited from holding office, and all native (or Maori) women were excluded from the list of voters. In 1891 the Legislative Council (corresponding to our Senate) rejected, by a considerable majority, those clauses of the new electoral act which affected the political status of women. In 1892 it agreed to the enfranchisement of women of European races, but inserted an amendment allowing such women to vote *at home*, by recording their votes on specially prepared ballots or "voting-papers." The lower house declined to accept this amendment, on the ground that it opened the door to fraud and intimidation. No agreement was reached between the opposing parties until this autumn, when full political rights have been accorded to "women of both European and Maori races." The New Zealand Legislative Council consists mainly of life members appointed by the crown, and of certain cabinet officers, who change with each change of party. Had not the present ministry been Liberal, the record shows that this measure would have been again rejected, the vote standing 20 for and 18 against woman suffrage. New Zealand may claim a place in history as the first of English colonies to give women equal political rights with men. Her population is about 650,000, and women are numerically much in the minority.

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### *CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.*

As the fight over silver repeal thickens, the fact becomes clearer, and is more widely recognized, that the question involved is that of constitutional government in America. Silver repeal is now only a branch of a much larger issue. Secretary Carlisle is a constitutional lawyer of the best type and of the first class. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that he is inflexibly opposed to any compromise, no matter what happens. He is opposed to it because compromise would be the abdication of the majority, and this would be the end of constitutional government. The right of the minority to govern was affirmed by Senator Teller last Friday, in debate with Senators Hoar and Platt, in these words:

"So far as I am concerned, I am willing to take the responsibility which I have seen taken in this Senate by the best men in it for the last seventeen years. I am willing to go before the country on this question and insist that obstructive measures are placed in our hands by the Constitution and the rules of the Senate to prevent just such legislation; and under my oath I think it to be just as much my duty to enter into every obstructive measure possible to defeat it as I do that I should come here and vote against it when the final test comes upon the vote; and I intend to prevent any unusual proceedings if I can by any kind of obstructive measures, answerable only to the general constituency of every Senator, which is the constituency at large, my own local constituency, and my own conscience."

This brazen affirmance of the right of the minority to rule was demolished by Senator Hoar in a short but powerful speech, which closed with these ringing paragraphs:

"Under our system of government there is a more sacred constitutional right than the right of speech, and that is the right that, after full and fair and free speech, the irresistible current, the will of the majority of the American people, shall have its way; and there is but one way to determine what is the constitutional will of the American people, and that is by the constitutional vote of the majority in this and the other chamber. . . .

"Mr. President, if the Senator's doctrine be true, let us shut up our law books, let us burn up our Constitution, let us haul down our flag, for the fundamental thing upon which the sacredness, the wisdom, the usefulness, the glory of all these things rest, is that the constitutional will of a constitutional majority constitutionally declared shall be enacted into the law of a free people."

We repeat that the time of compromise is past. Better now that we should meet national bankruptcy, inability to pay the interest on the public debt, or the salaries of congressmen, judges, cabinet officers, or pensions, or the cost of carrying the mails. Better that we should come to the silver standard, and all that that implies, scaling down the wages of workingmen and shaving their deposits in savings banks 35 per cent. Better any kind of financial calamity than the overthrow of the rule of the majority on which our present and future national existence depends.

These things are what we have to look forward to if the silver-repeal bill does not pass. The course of events can be easily predicted. The gold balance is running down at the rate of nearly a million dollars per day. It cannot last more than ninety days at the present rate; it will probably not last so long. There will be some point at which the public will take the alarm and draw out what gold is left. Then the Government will no longer be able to maintain parity between the two metals. There will be a premium on gold, and this premium will increase gradually as it did during the war. The revenues of the Government will not improve. To the loss of confidence in the standard of value will be added the loss of confidence in the theory of our government.

Whatever else may happen, it is certain that the Government revenues will continue to shrink, so that the Treasury will not be able to meet its daily obligations either in gold or in silver. Many people think that in a last resort the Government has a great hoard of silver dollars and bullion which it could use when other funds failed. This is an entire mistake. The silver dollars belong to the holders of silver certificates, while the silver bullion is held against the outstanding Treasury notes. The amount of silver or of silver certificates *owned* by the Treasury is insignificant. The decline of the gold balance from day to day represents the decline of Government income. This is due mainly to the shrinkage of general business, which is due to the loss of confidence in the standard of value.

We are moving straight to national bankruptcy, which cannot be more than ninety days distant if the present condition of deadlock and minority government continues. We expect, however, that the deadlock will be broken and the rule of the majority restored long before the expiration of that time. An obvious way to bring on a vote would be for the Vice-President to refuse to recognize the minority after he considered fair debate exhausted. Fair debate was exhausted long ago. If the Vice-President should exercise this power, he would be sustained by an overwhelming majority of the nation. Speaker Randall exercised similar powers in the House when the count of the Presidential vote was going on under the report of the Electoral Commission in 1877. There was no rule in the House for limiting debate or dilatory motions. Yet Mr. Randall quelled the turbulence on the floor of the House with these memorable words:

"The chair rules that when the Constitution of the United States directs anything to be done, or when the law, under the Constitution of the United States, enacted in obedience thereto, directs any act by this House, it is not in order to make any motion to obstruct or impede the execution of that injunction of the Constitution and the laws."

What followed this decision of the speaker is told in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in an article on the Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission. The first time that a dilatory motion was made, the Speaker refused to entertain it. An appeal was taken from the decision of the chair. He refused to entertain the appeal. He refused to entertain a motion for a recess, or for a call of the House, or to excuse a member from voting, or to reconsider, or to lay on the table. When asked if these motions were not in order under the rules of the House, he said they were. When asked if he would not put them, he said he would not. Why not? Because his obligations to law and Constitution were superior to his obligations to the rules of the House. In this way and in no other was a revolution prevented by the courage and manliness of Mr. Randall. Whether or not Vice-President Stevenson assumes the same responsibility and takes the consequences, the time for compromise on the pending bill has passed. Compromise now would not relieve the business situation; still less would it relieve the political situation. No more legislation can be done by Congress if a minority has the power to stop any bill that is displeasing to it. The election bill that has passed the House will be stopped, of course, and ought to be. Every bill ought to be stopped on system till order and the rule of the majority are reëstablished.

### *WHAT MAYNARD DID.*

FOLLOWING the State election in November, 1891, there was a bitter contest over the returns from Dutchess County, involving the seat in the Senate from the Fifteenth District. The Board of County Canvassers, controlled by the Democrats, threw out, on a charge of being defective, thirty-one Republican ballots, and thus secured a majority sufficient to elect the Democratic Senatorial candidate in the district. The clerk of the board, who was a Republican, refused to sign the return thus secured, whereupon Gov. Hill summoned him to Albany, and after a brief hearing removed him from office and appointed one Storm Emans in his place. In the meantime the County Canvassing Board had appointed as secretary *pro tem.* one Mylod, who signed the return and forwarded it to Albany to be filed in the State offices for use before the Board of State Canvassers. After this so-called "Mylod return" had been forwarded, application was made to Judge Edwards of the Supreme Court, a Democrat, for a mandamus compelling the Dutchess County Board of Canvassers to reconvene and recanvass the vote, counting the rejected Republican ballots. At the same time application was made for an order restraining the Board of State Canvassers from canvassing the Mylod return.

Both these applications were argued before Justice Barnard of the Supreme Court, a Democrat, on December 5, and he granted both, declaring not only that the Dutchess County Board must make

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a new canvass and return, but must count the thirty-one Republican ballots. In granting the orders, Justice Barnard said: "The State Board has a return which does not indicate the true result. It is proper that the board should hold its hand until the true record reaches it." Acting under Justice Barnard's order, the Dutchess County Board reconvened, recounted the vote, made out a return electing the Republican Senatorial candidate, and Storm Emans, the new clerk, signed it, and on the evening of December 21 mailed it in triplicate as the law requires to the offices of the governor, secretary of state, and comptroller. After he had mailed these three copies of the return he learned that a stay had been granted which estopped him from sending them. He started at once for Albany, and on the following morning he took from the governor's mail, at the governor's direction, the copy which had been sent to the governor, and received from the secretary of state the copy sent to him. The copy in the comptroller's office was taken from his mail by Maynard, without the comptroller's knowledge or permission; Maynard going to the office in the early morning and obtaining it from one of the comptroller's clerks.

Shortly after this legal and correct return was thus taken from the files of the State, the Court of Appeals rendered its decision upon the Dutchess County and other contested election cases. It upheld the position taken by Justice Barnard, declaring the Mylod return to have been the "result of an illegal and erroneous canvass," which the "court should not permit to be canvassed," since it "would alter the result of an election," and saying: "If another return should be duly sent to the board, properly authenticated, and containing the result of the legal action of the Board of County Canvassers, the State Board could canvass it." Under this decision, the Bar Association committee which investigated Maynard's conduct said it seems to have been the plain duty of the State Board to canvass the corrected return from Dutchess County. The State Board met immediately after the decision, with Maynard present as their counsel, and canvassed the Mylod return. The corrected returns, mailed by Emans, were never seen after Maynard and Emans took them from the mails. Other authenticated copies were served upon the members of the Board of State Canvassers before their meeting, but they refused to admit their existence when they came to act.

It is undisputed, Maynard himself admits it, that the purloining of the corrected and legal returns by himself, and Emans acting under his advice, was the only thing which prevented those returns from being before the State Board of Canvassers and being canvassed as the Court of Appeals directed. The Mylod return was canvassed, in defiance of the court's decision, because it was the only return before the board. By canvassing it the Democrats gained control of the State Senate by counting in a man who had not been elected. As for the stay upon Emans, which reached him after he had mailed the corrected returns, Judge Cullen of the Supreme Court decided on February 19, 1892, that the returns passed out of the official custody of Emans for ever when he put them in the mail, and that whatever action he might take to recover them would not constitute official misconduct, but personal crime. As for the legality of the transmission of the returns and the legality of their presence in the State offices, Judge Cullen said:

"There was, therefore, in law and in fact, a complete transmission of the returns to the officers prescribed by statute. The returns were not before the Board of State Canvassers, not because of any defect in the transmission, nor of a disobedience of the order of the court, but because, by the action of the secretary of state, the governor, and the counsel of the comptroller [Maynard] the returns were taken from the several public offices where they had been properly received and were given to Mr. Emans."

The nine eminent lawyers who composed the Bar Association committee, seven of them Democrats, and of whom two, at least, were put on the committee at Maynard's special request, said of his conduct in taking the returns from the comptroller's office:

"The county clerk's transmission of the returns of the 21st was regular and lawful. On the morning of the 22d they were regularly and lawfully in the respective offices of the governor, the secretary of state, and the comptroller. The secretary of state, under the statute, was bound to procure the two copies in the offices of the governor and comptroller. And those officers had no right in law to deliver these copies to any other person than the secretary of state.

"Even if the stays were valid, as to the county clerk, and the amended statement was transmitted by him in violation of the stays, this, in our opinion, would afford no justification for their removal by Judge Maynard. The situation of the county clerk with reference to the stays did not authorize Mr. Maynard to remove the document in question from the office of the comptroller.

"The removal of these returns, therefore, on the morning of December 22, by Judge Maynard and Mr. Emans was entirely without any warrant or justification in law, to be found in any order of stay.

"If we have correctly stated the facts, the offence committed by Judge Maynard is one of the gravest known to the law."

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, one of the Bar Association committee, testified before the committee of the Legislature that he considered Maynard's offence a "shocking crime"; and he has said of it since Maynard's nomination:

"Having appropriated this paper, Judge Maynard retained it. He was present when the count was made and the election was given to the Democratic candidate for the sole reason that the abstracted return was not before the Board of Canvassers. This gave the Democrats the majority. It was a great service, and one of the delegates to the recent convention, with blunt frankness, stated that Judge Maynard was entitled to this high reward for that service.

"Personally, I am free to say that my opposition to Judge Maynard is not based so much upon the act, illegal and immoral as I believe it to have been, as upon the fact that he believes it to be justifiable. If the view of his brethren of the bar is correct, he suffers a defect of moral vision which should incapacitate him for the bench."

The impressive words which ex-Judge Danforth, retired by limit of age after years of honorable service upon the Court of Appeals bench, uttered last week upon the gravity of Maynard's candidacy, cannot fail to exert a profound influence upon the voters of the State. Especially will they impress the lawyers of the State, whose calling is menaced by that candidacy as nothing else could menace it. Judge Danforth, speaking as a lawyer to lawyers, truly says: "The office of judge is not a political office. It is personal in its character. We are bound to inquire for ourselves and our clients whether the candidates for that office are men of integrity and purity of character." If defiance of law, open and confessed, is to be rewarded by elevation to the bench, then what confidence can any one have in the courts? Men will will not go to law if the law is to be administered by those who defy and disregard it, and the lawyer's calling will cease to be a profession in which honorable men can engage.

## *REPUBLICANISM IN BRAZIL.*

THE conflicting reports that come from the scene of the civil war in Brazil leave a great deal of doubt hanging over the actual condition of affairs, and still more over the question what the trouble is all about and what the parties to it expect to accomplish. If we may believe the proclamations and manifestos of the rivals, Admiral Mello and President Peixoto, each has room in his breast for no other passion than the purest patriotism and love of free institutions. The admiral wants to oust the President only because the latter has violated the Constitution and trampled upon the rights of free Brazilians. He asserts that he wants no office of any kind himself, and is only desirous of restoring the republic to its pristine purity. On his part, the President has wrapped the flag about himself in an affecting manner, and declares that he holds on to his office, not out of love of power, but only in order to save republican government from being stricken down.

A great deal of light is thrown upon the antics of these warriors by a little book just published in Paris by Oscar d'Araujo, entitled 'L'Idée Républicaine au Brésil.' In it the author gives a clear historical sketch of the true republican movement in Brazil, from its beginnings to the present day, and shows how, after it had done much by peaceful propaganda to prepare the minds of the people for a republic, it was unfortunately supplanted and pushed one side, for the time being, by those military adventurers who have been playing ducks and drakes with the fortunes of

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Brazil for the past four years. The celerity and completeness of the fall of Dom Pedro cannot be explained except on the ground that there was at the time a widespread readiness in the country to accept a republican form of government. Otherwise there would have been uprisings in the provinces when the Emperor was made a captive at the capital. There would have at least been loud protests and some form of organized resistance. But the fall of the empire was acquiesced in with surprising quiet and unanimity. This was no doubt partly the result of the ignorance and degradation of vast numbers of the population, who were prepared to submit without murmuring to any government that might come along, and to be thankful that it was no worse. The centralization of the empire also no doubt helped on its fall, as the army in possession of Rio de Janeiro had as good a chance of dominating the whole country as an army in control of Paris would have of bending all France to its will. But granting all this, it yet remains to account for the ease and willing minds with which the Brazilian people dropped the empire and took up a republic.

It is the merit of Senhor d'Araujo's book that he shows how this was possible. He traces the growth and spread of republican ideas in Brazil, and shows that the republican agitation was a genuine historical movement, retaining its form and aim from the days of the viceroyalty down through the break with Portugal to our own time. Beginning with 1720, when a certain Filipe dos Santos was drawn and quartered for having tried to set up a republic, there were seven distinct and considerable attempts to establish republican institutions in Brazil before the finally successful effort in 1889. All through, it is possible to trace a close connection between republican agitation in France and in Brazil, as some of the dates of Brazilian uprisings would indicate, viz., 1792, 1831, 1848. Indeed, the first serious republican movement was the work of a group of Brazilian students educated in France, where some of them made the acquaintance of Jefferson, with whom they opened negotiations for the recognition by the United States of their projected Brazilian republic.

They failed, as did some of their successors who appealed to force, but resort to methods of national discussion was more successful. Newspapers devoted to the propagation of republican ideas sprang up here and there throughout the country, no less than seventy being in existence when the revolution of 1889 broke out. Through pamphlets and books, also, as well as by articles in the paid sections of non-republican newspapers, the republican propaganda was carried on, and one man, Silva Jardim, made himself famous by his public lectures and speeches in favor of a republic. He had shrewdly and patriotically, like all the other advocates of a republic, thrown himself body and soul into the abolition movement, sure that the impulse towards liberty given by freeing the slaves would turn to their account in the end. He it was who, early in 1889, declared, on the strength of his knowledge of the gathering strength of republicanism in Brazil: "In the course of this year, the centenary of the French Revolution, the world will see a republic in Brazil. In that way we shall celebrate the great date."

In his concluding chapter Senhor d'Araujo shows how the military autocrat, Fonseca, stepped in at the critical moment to take advantage of the republican movement for his own aggrandizement. Calling the new order of things a republic could not disguise the fact that it was a military oligarchy. Little by little the old republican leaders were pushed aside or drew aside, and the control of affairs passed more and more into the hands of soldiers. When Fonseca lost the army, he was toppled over by Peixoto, and it now remains to be seen whether Mello can use the navy to put himself in power. Meanwhile, in all the confusion, it is clear that the republican sentiment of the country has body enough to make the rumored restoration of the monarchy highly improbable. The question is if it can make head against its own professed friends. The recent action of the Brazilian Supreme Court, in asserting the dignity and independence of the judiciary in the face of an arbitrary and overbearing President, is of the happiest omen. It is in such men that the hope of the country lies, whatever be its form of government, and it will depend upon the number of such men that they can muster whether Brazilian republicans will be able to show their right to bear the name.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REVISITED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August, 1893.

THERE are few more delightful and exhilarating experiences than driving, or riding in an open cable or electric street-car, along one of the eucalyptus and pepper-tree avenues which adorn all the towns and villages of southern California. Not only is their evergreen appearance a pleasure to the eye, but they diffuse an agreeable, invigorating fragrance which is so characteristic and unmistakable that, if a New Yorker who has once been in this region could, without his knowledge, be transferred there again while asleep, he would exclaim on awakening, "I am in southern California." Yet these fragrant, tonic, and hygienic avenues are not any more indigenous to California than the jinrikishas, or man-power carriages, which we see in all modern Japanese pictures, are to that country, where they were introduced only about a quarter of a century ago by foreigners. No older than that are the eucalyptus and pepper-tree avenues of southern California, most of them existing in regions which twenty years ago were portions of a desert as barren and parched as the greater part of Arizona is to-day. They are among the magic results of irrigation, which has converted land worth about a dollar an acre into homesteads worth $500 an acre; as at Riverside, for example—in 1870 an uninhabited stretch of desert, now a city of 7,000 inhabitants, with 12,000 acres under cultivation, yielding almost $3,000,000 a year, or an average income, it is claimed, larger than any other town of the same size in this country, or in any other, can boast of.

Such a claim may seem somewhat "Californian," but to one who has seen the well-kept, luxuriant orange-groves of Riverside, it does not sound extravagant. On the other hand, it must be said that a community which has been so exceptionally lucky and prosperous should have known how to bear a temporary affliction with more prudence and honesty than the Riversiders showed last year. An unusually heavy frost damaged a large part of the crop. The oranges were all right to the eye, but on being cut they were found to be without juice or flavor. Nevertheless, they were sent to market, with the result that this year the purchasers were wary and shy. Such a way of jeopardizing a well-earned reputation was the more foolish as Riverside has now many rivals in the wholesale production of the juicy, seedless, profitable navel oranges, of which for a few years it had almost a monopoly.

This growing predominance of the Washington navels over inferior kinds of oranges illustrates one phase of the progress which has been made within the last five years in southern California, where formerly the growers were altogether too careless in the choice of varieties for cultivation. Equally significant is the progress which has been made in combating the scale pest, which a few years ago threatened to exterminate the whole orange industry. The little beetle known as the Australian lady-bird has kept all the promises made for it by its importers a few years ago, having made short work with the white scale. It is extremely interesting to watch these pretty little beetles. They work in colonies, flying in large numbers on to one tree, which they proceed to clean until not a trace of the scale remains, whereupon they fly to the next tree and make that their camping-ground until it has been similarly scoured. The orange-growers have also successfully combated the prejudice against California oranges as being too sour, which arose from the fact that they used to be picked too soon. They are now picked and marketed not when they turn yellow, but a month or two later, when they have had time to ripen. The lemons, on the contrary, used to be picked too ripe, and for some reason the trees did not seem to flourish as well as the oranges. But within the last few years the lemon industry has recovered lost ground, the trees do well, and the price of California lemons begins to approximate that of the Sicilian. This is largely due to the fact that the growers have learned how to pick them green, and to cure them (each lemon being wrapped in tissue paper and laid away in boxes until the time for marketing has arrived). There are now more than a million bearing orange-trees (50,000 acres) in the State, and perhaps a quarter of that number of lemons; but there are some who predict an even greater future for the California lemon than for the orange. For my part, I should like to see the lemon superseded entirely by the Mexican lime, which has a superior flavor, twice as much juice, is more easily squeezed, and has only this disadvantage, that it does not keep so well as the lemon.

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There is still a widely prevalent notion in the East that California fruit, while large and juicy and pleasing to the eye, is deficient in flavor. It cannot be denied that in New York it is not apt to be as luscious as Eastern fruit, but this is largely because it has to travel 3,000 miles and must therefore be picked before it is ripe. All tropical and semi-tropical fruits are infinitely more luscious eaten ripe off the tree than when picked green and made to ripen in a sunless car or ship's hold. It is also to be borne in mind that ignorant buyers make it more profitable to cultivate large and beautiful fruits, which are apt to be comparatively insipid, than varieties more highly flavored but less attractive to the eye. I lived for ten years in an Oregon apple orchard, and Oregon apples are perhaps the best in the world; yet I know that it was always the most beautiful apples and not the best-flavored that fetched the highest prices in the market. In various parts of California I have eaten peaches, cherries, figs, melons, etc., that were as richly flavored as any I have tasted in Italy or Spain, but I have also eaten much insipid large fruit which looked well in the market. The growers, however, are now learning that there are varieties which combine beauty with flavor, and by cultivating these they are teaching their customers that a rich taste, or fragrance (all so-called "tastes" in fruit, except sweet, sour, and bitter, are really a matter of fragrance) is not naturally denied to California fruits, as it is, for example, to the fruits of Japan—an instructive comparison. The fruits and vegetables of Japan are insipid because it rains too much there in summer. Now in California it never rains in summer. Why, then, have so many of its fruits been more or less insipid? Because—apart from the selection of inferior varieties—most of them were raised with the aid of irrigation imperfectly applied. It is only within the last few years that it has been discovered that too much irrigation is almost as bad as too little, damaging the trees and impairing the flavor of the fruit. A notion thus arose that irrigation in itself is injurious to fruit, but this is absurd, for irrigation is simply the application of rain-water at the right moment instead of leaving it to chance. Barely half as much water as formerly is now used by irrigators, who have also learned how to regulate and apply the flow with mathematical precision. The results are already evident in the superior quality and flavor of the fruit. The State now has more than three million acres under irrigation, and in a few years this figure will be doubled.

With the exception of the grape, probably everything grown for profit in California has made progress during the last few years. Raisins are, indeed, grown on a larger scale than ever before, and there is no diminution in the exportation of ripe grapes for the table, but the wine industry is not as flourishing as could be wished. The mysterious vine disease which arose at Anaheim appears, indeed, to have lost its virulence, and some young vineyards in that vicinity are doing well, but the phylloxera has now spread from Sonoma and Napa Counties to southern California, to the discouragement of the growers. These men have otherwise suffered unreasonably from the avarice and dishonesty of the middlemen and wholesale dealers, who refuse to pay more than fifteen cents a gallon for wines which they sell in the East for ten to twenty times that sum, the best of them under foreign labels, thus discouraging the formation of first-class Californian brands and helping to sustain the fictitious reputation of French wine-adulterators. Nevertheless, progress must be noted in the diminution of the supply of unskilfully made rough, sour wine, and in the more careful selection of grapes of a superior quality for bottling purposes.

If the supply of California wine equals or exceeds the demand, the same is not true of another luxury for the production of which the climate is specially suited. It would be well if all the disappointed vineyardists should turn their attention to the olive, which flourishes well in the State, and for which, as oil and in the pickled state, there is an unlimited field, as may be inferred from the fact that the United States imports almost a million gallons a year of what is supposed to be olive oil, though it contains but 34 per cent. of pure oil. California is expected to produce this year about 20,000 gallons—a mere drop in the bucket wanted. Of the three hundred varieties of the olive in existence, about seventy are said to be now growing in California; when the kinds best suited to climate and demand shall have been definitely ascertained, the profits and benefit to the country will be great. An olive tree over six years old is easily worth $10 a year, while a hundred-year-old mission tree at San Diego has yielded $144 in one year (192 gallons of olives). It must be remembered, too, that the American people have hardly yet learned a tithe of the value of olive oil, which, for cooking purposes, is far superior to lard, and even to butter. We do use it for salads, but even here we have much to learn from the French and Italians, who would not tolerate our cotton-seed adulterations for a moment. Californians could also enlarge the market for their olive oil by advertising the excellent French artichokes they raise, which make the best of all dishes with oil and vinegar. In New York restaurants we get half of one artichoke for twenty-five cents, while in California markets you get a dozen whole ones for about thirty-five cents. As artichokes keep well, here is a chance to make a fortune. The artichoke is the most tender and delicious of all vegetables, and the day will come when it will be as common as asparagus.

After all, in spite of the amazing developments of the last decade, southern California is still in an experimental state. Fruits, trees, vegetables, flowers, etc., of Mexico, South America, Africa, Japan, Australia are being tried and acclimated in picturesque confusion, and it is possible that the country will at the end of another decade again bear a quite different appearance, although the change will not be so great as that from the desert and cattle ranches of 1870 to the orange groves, clover-fields, and flower-gardens of to-day. Of the minor industries that I have had occasion to examine personally, only one—that of raising the large-eyed, awkward ostriches—has failed to prosper, and that not through any fault of the climate (for that, as an expert from South Africa told me, is remarkably like that of the ostrich's home), but because fashion is obdurate. But the Californian can always console himself with the reflection that if one thing fails to flourish on his twenty-acre ranch, he can try another; and if he is wise, he will not put all his faith in one crop, but will cultivate variety, so as to be independent of weather and seasons. He can market oranges from December to June, apricots from June to August, peaches from August to September; in October walnuts, prunes, plums, figs; and till January grapes—to give only a few samples. I may subjoin some specimens of profits made last year in Orange County—figures for the accuracy of which I can vouch: One 60-acre ranch (oranges and walnuts) yielded $18,100. One man obtained $550 from a single acre of orange trees. A walnut orchard of 35 acres, only ten acres in full bearing, brought $1,800. Twenty-five acres of apricots averaged about $100 per acre; 5 acres of peaches brought net $400; ten acres of pampas plumes netted $1,750; 1 acre of lemons $325; 1 acre of alfalfa (six cuts a year) brought $112.

With all this evidence of prosperity, the traces of the foolish "boom" of five or six years ago have not yet entirely vanished. For instance, the direct railroad from Colton to San Diego is not now running. In various towns, too, as in the lower part of National City, one notes buildings half finished at that time, and still half finished. Poor Tia Juana, the border town between the United States and Mexico, has been almost entirely demolished by a flood, which left only three or four shanties standing besides the Custom-house. Its only visible source of income is from the daily carload of tourists from San Diego, who may eat lunch or buy a few curios. On the other hand, San Diego and its fine Coronado Hôtel on the sandy peninsula wear an air of prosperity. Let him who believes that southern California is too warm for comfort in summer spend a week at Coronado and he will change his mind abruptly. In three June days we found the noon temperature of the air 68, 66, 64—a good average—while the ocean was 67 and the bay water 73. Summer mornings at Coronado are apt to be foggy and melancholy, the evenings balmy and delightful. Coronado, too, is free from dust, the great summer nuisance of California. Los Angeles, not being quite so near the ocean, is less tempting in summer than in winter, but its streets always present a busy appearance, and many fine buildings, including two costly public edifices, have been erected in the last few years. And if you will take the Temple Street cable-car, you may see on a five-mile ride many ideal sites for a summer and winter villa. A town to be avoided in summer is Pasadena, except as a station on the way up to Mt. Lowe or Mt. Wilson on the mountain railroad, which is now being built, and which promises to be a great scenic attraction. We found not even a construction car running and had to pass a hot and dreary day in Pasadena, which is a paradise in winter, but the opposite in summer. The fine Raymond Hotel is then closed, and the only urban hotel open is so strictly "temperance" that you cannot get even mineral water or lemonade; this in a parched prohibition town, the water of which is criticised in the daily papers for impurity.

When the people of Pasadena or Los Angeles feel uncomfortable in summer, they go for a few days or weeks to Santa Catalina Island, twenty-eight miles off the coast, where it is never too warm in summer or too cold in winter, the climate, in fact, being pretty much the same all the year round, although the absence of rain in summer makes the amphitheatric mountains, of which the island is built, change in hue from green to yellow and gradually to brown. Catalina shows more signs of progress than any other resort of southern California. When I first visited it in 1889, steamers ran only once a week, and there was only one hotel; now there is a daily steamer (which touches at all the rival harbors of Los Angeles), half-a-dozen hotels, and last summer there was a tent population of 3,000 at Avalon, Catalina's harbor. A tunnel has been made to the next cañon or bay, and new paths laid out, including the plans of a stage road to the isthmus, while a fence is to be built separating the island into two sections, on one of which the

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sheep are to be herded, while in the other the wild goats may again be hunted. It would be well, however, if the present law forbidding all shooting on the island were kept enforced permanently. Irreparable damage has already been done by the greedy wretches who, for the sake of a few inches of pretty down, have killed off the hundreds of pelicans which added so much to the exotic appearance of the island. The fishing is so good and varied here that it ought to give a sufficient vent to all sportsmen's cravings. You can sit at breakfast watching a dozen seals driving before them a school of flying fish making frantic endeavors to escape from their voracious pursuers, or men on the wharf hauling in the "gamey" twenty and thirty-pound yellow-tails.

If you prefer nature to sport, nowhere than in Catalina can you more easily and in less time walk into such an absolute and picturesque wilderness, up a cañon adorned with pools and cascades, varied shrubs and surprising floral beauties. Not the least attractive of these is the cactus, which in June still has some of its large yellow blossoms, while the beautiful red and juicy fruit, with its agreeable acid flavor, begins to ripen. Last year these cactus plants proved very useful to the islanders. The rain had been insufficient, and for months water and food were scarce; but the cattle were saved by burning the thorns off the cactus leaves and using them as food. There is a spoonful of juice in a square inch of cactus; were it not for its protecting thorns it would soon be exterminated by thirsty animals in the parched deserts.

In these Catalina cañons the June air is melodious with the voices of thousands of mocking-birds. Listening to them you recall with dismay the report that the abominable English sparrow has invaded northern California and is driving the mocking-birds away. It would be a calamity to have it come south too; in that case isolated Catalina might become the last refuge of the most interesting of all our song-birds—a bird which, on the perch or on the wing, is ever singing, not, like other birds, to attract a mate, but for the artistic pleasure of the song itself. Instead of a single call it has scores of phrases; seems, in fact, to try how many different melodies a bird-throat can utter without repeating itself. The mocking-bird is a genius among birds.

On Catalina Island, as in other parts of California, one of the most pleasant experiences is the unvarying courtesy and hospitality of the people. They never seem to tire of taking visitors, even perfect strangers, to see their flowers and fruits; they urge you to help yourself to oranges, figs, grapes, or whatever happens to be ripe, and they pick the choicest flowers to make a bouquet for you, giving the name, origin, and peculiarity of each, like expert botanists, and seeming to take a special pride in them, as if they had invented them. Nor would it be fair to trace this generosity entirely to the lavish profusion with which Nature bestows these luxuries on them; it is rather indirectly that we must seek for the source of these pleasant traits, in the benignity of the climate and fertility of the soil, which lessen the American fever of toil and competition, and pave the way for leisure and the social amenities which follow it.

HENRY T. FINCK.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, October 2, 1893.

SOUTH Kensington Museum and its schools, it was once fondly hoped, were to revive the industrial arts in England, and set them once more on an artistic—that is, the only possible—basis. The failure of South Kensington in aught save the turning out of mediocre picture-painters is now a threadbare tale. The task it has not succeeded in accomplishing was undertaken, though on a much less ambitious scale, by the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society some few years since. The name explained the members' object: they were to give shows of the work of genuine arts-and-crafts-men, and thus the people's taste must eventually be educated and the public standard raised. The first show, however, proved little but the narrowness of the society's own standard; only the neo-Gothic school, of which Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Walter Crane are chief exponents, was represented. All decoration, judging from the collection, began and ended with arrangements of tall, gaunt, willowy figures, or else enlarged editions of the "Baby's Opera," done in various mediums and carried out in Morris schemes of color. Into the second and third exhibitions there entered a strong commercial element, which, perhaps, was one reason why it was thought well to leave a longer interval between third and fourth. This fourth has just been opened in the New Gallery.

If it can honestly be called representative, then indeed must the arts and crafts of England have fallen to a lower level than ever. It is easier to record its deficiencies than its merits. Furniture comes within the society's scope, and yet none is shown save an occasional desk, or sideboard, or table more remarkable for solidity than for grace or originality. In the designing of carpets, again, the craftsman has a fair field for the exercise of his ingenuity; but the one example contributed (one of Mr. Morris's creations) is so restless and dazzling in pattern and color alike that it is an offence rather than a pleasure to the eye. Of wall-papers there are few, except a new variation of Mr. Crane's peacock designs, and one or two of Mr. Day's rather heavy papers printed in tinted lacquers on metal foil. Textile fabrics make no finer display; of all the hangings of any kind none but one of the Morris tapestries attracts attention, and that, perhaps, because of its unusually large proportions and unusually vivid colors. Metal work, save in a few cases, glass, and pottery, come from long-established shops. Embroideries are mediocre. And, to crown all, the arrangement of exhibits is sadly ineffectual: confusion prevails; colors and effects are jumbled up together with strange indifference to harmony and fitness.

The truth is, to give its fourth exhibition vital interest, the society has borrowed from work done in the past. Thus, intentionally or no, it acknowledges the debt these craftsmen owe to the great leader of them all, Dante Rossetti, and, at the same time, confesses its members' shortcomings. The society has always made an elaborate showing of cartoons for stained glass, which this year again are to the fore. But, though many are by Mr. Burne-Jones; though the small color studies of Mr. Guthrie, the young Glasgow painter, are heralds of new talent in this branch of art, there is nothing to be compared with the six designs by Rossetti for the St. George series. Here you see spaces admirably well filled; figures treated with the necessary convention, but with none of that affectation beloved by Rossetti's disciples; color (at least in one design) exquisitely suggested. In these few small cartoons is thoroughly worked out the decorative problem which so many of the exhibitors have endeavored, haltingly, to solve in their own treatment of line and color. He is the master where they are but imitators. This simple series gives the keynote to the whole exhibition; it serves as additional proof—were proof needed—that Rossetti was the true inspiration of the English school of Primitives, the original man of genius among many artists of talent and ambition.

He is also the presiding influence in the department devoted to the art of book-making—he and Frederick Sandys. As was to be expected in a society of which Mr. Morris and Mr. Crane are prominent members, prejudice has ruled the selection of drawings, ornaments, and printed books included. Almost all the illustrations are done in the same archaic style; there are few specimens of printing that do not come from the Kelmscott Press; greater latitude has been allowed in the matter of bindings, but still Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has here the ascendency. However, these are matters that can be overlooked when a certain corner hung with drawings by Rossetti and Sandys monopolizes interest. Here are the originals upon which the other illustrators represented have based their methods. They are chiefly the well-known illustrations by Rossetti for Tennyson's and Christina Rossetti's poems; by Sandys, for poems by Christina Rossetti and Wither, and stories by Mr. Baring-Gould. They were published just at the time when England saw such a marvellous revival in the art of illustration, when photography was first applied to the arts of reproduction. Only too much of the best black-and-white work of that day—before the introduction of photography—perished, because drawings, being made on the wood-block, were ruthlessly cut to pieces by the engraver. But, fortunately, sometimes the artist made a duplicate drawing, or else, when photography began to be used, the drawing on the block was photographed before it was cut, or the original drawing was made, as now, on paper and then photographed on to the wood. Thus, a few illustrations and facsimile photographs have survived; to those who have never seen them before, the drawings now exhibited come as a revelation of the power of the pen work done by both Rossetti and Sandys.

In the same frames with them are shown prints of the woodcuts by Swain and Linton and Dalziel, the best engravers of the time. It is really cruel to learn how much of the delicacy, the refinement, the grace of the originals was sacrificed in the engraving. At times, even the lines themselves were not followed, new arrangements being substituted by the engraver. For the draughtsman it must have been heartrending to find his work so inadequately interpreted. These woodcuts would answer as excellent object-lessons to the purists who cry out against "process." In the same frames are also the preparatory sketches made by the two draughtsmen, who worked with a care and conscientiousness all too rare among latter-day illustrators. In their present surroundings the designs explain more forcibly than in the books where they were printed the distinction as pen draughtsmen of both Rossetti and Sandys, and also the well-nigh revolutionary effect they produced upon the art of illustration in England. Some of the woodcuts after Ford Madox Brown's designs for Dalziel's Bible are also exhibited, and are only less notable. Madox Brown, overrated as a painter, has never produced better work than his early illustrations.

If it be but little to the credit of the society that, for its best exhibits, it was forced to resurrect the work of some thirty and more years

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ago, it is still more disheartening to find that its least successful contributions are those which should have been of paramount importance. Chicago has called attention to the art of mural decoration, sadly neglected, outside of France, in modern times. One is therefore doubly eager to see what in England just now is being done in this direction. It is only too seldom English artists are given a chance to display their powers; but, recently, the decoration of two public buildings has been undertaken. One building is St. Paul's, and Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., is the decorator. He shows at the Arts and Crafts his first sketches and one or two full-sized cartoons. The result is depressing. He has searched the Scriptures for his subjects, which necessarily are those often treated before by other painters. Not that this, in itself, is a drawback: but Sibyls and Annunciations and Angels have been so superlatively well done by other and greater men that his compositions and figures and color schemes seem all the more commonplace by the inevitable comparison. But the other enterprise promises even less well. Birmingham has a town hall with walls to be decorated. It is a commission which in France would fall to masters like Puvis de Chavannes and Besnard; in Birmingham it is handed over (from motives of economy probably) to the students of the Art School. The paintings now at the Arts and Crafts are no better nor worse than one expected. Barely commendable as the efforts of the mere apprentice, they are without dignity or beauty of design, without charm or glory of color, and are totally unworthy of a place on the walls of a great municipal building. That they at present hang in the New Gallery points to a lamentable lack of judgment on the part of an exhibition society of such artistic pretensions. N. N.

## MABILLEAU'S VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS, September 28, 1893.

IT seems as if there was not much more to say about Victor Hugo. Has he not said himself, in verse and in prose, all that we care to know about his birth, his life, his writings, his political views? A place has, however, been given to him in the series of critical essays on "les grands écrivains français," and the task of judging the most illustrious of our modern French poets has been given to an unknown writer, M. Léopold Mabilleau.

I will say at once that, difficult as it was, the task has not been badly done; the little volume on Victor Hugo (I do not know why all through the book the author writes V. Hugo instead of Victor Hugo; it is as if we wrote W. Shakspere instead of William Shakspere) is superior, in my estimation, to a great many volumes of the same series. Not that I approve the systematic order of M. Mabilleau's chapters; he has followed too exactly the method of analysis which was inaugurated by Taine. A man, especially a poet, is not like a chemical compound, which can be by some sort of process decomposed in order that we may know all its elements. Such titles of chapters as "La psychologie d'un poète," "La lumière et la couleur," "La forme plastique," etc., etc., give you the secret of the analytical method adopted by the new school of critics. The method is, in a sense, a convenient one; you can apply it to any work of art. There is no creation of the mind in which imagination, memory, method do not play a part; and you vary the applications of the method almost *ad libitum*, according to the nature of the work of art. The danger of the method is a tiresome dogmatism; and M. Mabilleau has not avoided it. His little book is full of definitions, of classifications. The sensibility of V. Hugo is, for instance, thus defined:

"In all the orders of perception, it passes through three phases: first *opposition*, then *exaggeration;* in the end the *fusion* of all the perceptible elements in a sort of final unity, where all the distinctions perceptible to the senses disappear. This order is logical and necessary, for a contrast ends in excess, and excess in the impression produces the evanescence of the reality."

In former times, this would have been called *galimatias;* but we are bound now to admire, even when we don't understand, these subleties of the analytical school.

The first years of Victor Hugo are well known. He has himself told us that he was born at Besançon (February 26, 1802), his father being a Lorrainer and his mother a Vendean. The father was an officer of fortune, probably of German origin. Hugo is not an uncommon name in Germany; it is the same as the English Hugh. The mind of the young child who followed his father's fortunes in Italy and in Spain became filled with many images, which were afterwards, by a sort of resurrection, found in the 'Orientales' and other poems. These reminiscences are very common, especially when the child is an "enfant sublime," as Victor Hugo proved to be. M. Mabilleau follows with a minute care the development of his poetical faculty. Victor Hugo felt at first the influence of the classical school, which was uppermost at the time of the Empire and at the beginning of the Restoration, but he did not feel it long. Chateaubriand initiated him into a new order of ideas; the transformation was completed by his love for Mlle. Adèle Foucher, who became his wife.

"We must note," says M. Mabilleau, "this first invasion of passion in the life of Hugo; we shall find no such example of it during the sixty years which he has still to live. Not that he remained insensible to the charms of woman—several celebrated liaisons and even some scandals would prove the contrary. But love proper, sentimental love, the feeling which inspires the poet and leads him to sing his happiness or his suffering, the very source of poetry for a Lamartine or a Musset—that sentiment found little place in the heart of V. Hugo, and his verses have kept only a feeble echo of it. Oftentimes his expressions regarding it are pure invention, or, rather, pure convention."

This remark is very true: in the poems as in the dramas, love is always somewhat artificial; it is a theme for magnificent images or for picturesque developments. "Must we conclude," asks M. Mabilleau, "that Hugo had no heart?" No, only in love as in everything else, the "faculté maîtresse," to use a favorite term of Taine's, is imagination. "With him, the states of consciousness, as soon as they are formed, become external, symbolic, and compose themselves by a sort of cerebral mechanism. The new emotion produces a world of forms, of colors, of notes which stifle the intimate accent. The sentiment ends in a metaphor." Here again we have some *galimatias;* but the final thought is just, and it was perhaps sufficient. With Victor Hugo the sentiment ends in a metaphor. The development of the poetical genius of Victor Hugo is the development of his imagination.

"You must understand by this word a power of impressionability always awake to the changing spectacles of the world, a rapid and intense perception of expressive form, a collaboration of the mind with the vision, which gives birth to an *image* where there was only a material appearance; which out of colors and lines draws thought and emotion; which, finally, interprets all sensations and symbolizes all figures."

For Victor Hugo, poetry is by excellence the echo of the material world in a vibrating and sonorous soul. He writes the 'Orientales' though he has never been in the East; he writes them with colors and images borrowed from Spain or from the setting sun. The poet has himself declared: "The idea of writing the 'Orientales' took possession of me in a rather ridiculous way, last summer, in going to view a sunset." There is in his mind a sort of permanent hallucination; he composes a "local coloring" of his own. It was while he was writing the 'Orientales' that Victor Hugo became a *romantique*, and associated himself with the new school, which had declared war on the ruling school, and of which he soon became the leader. He set forth its programme in the preface to "Cromwell": "A vast and profound movement is at work in the literature of this age; . . . nor is this surprising after a political revolution which has affected society root and branch. . . . There is a false literature, which is scholastic, and which is to the classic what superstition and fanaticism are to religion." Literary programmes are useless and pretentious when they are not supported by great literary works. "Hernani" came in time to serve as a living expression of the Romantic programme. It marked, in my opinion, the culminating point of the poetic genius of Victor Hugo. His dramas are ever young; they are applauded now even more than at the time when they appeared. There is much truth, however, in what M. Mabilleau says: "Victor Hugo, properly speaking, created no type. *Hernani*, *Didier* (of "Marion Delorme"), *Ruy Blas*, the only living figures of his dramas, are younger brothers of *Werther*, *René*, *Manfred*." What we really admire in "Hernani" is the lyrical beauty of the verses; we are also led away by the heroic character of the passions in play. Heroes, heroines are all characters *à outrance:* excess in love destroys *Marion* and *Didier;* excess of chivalrous honor destroys *Hernani*—all is excessive, superhuman, imaginary. We could not bear it in prose, but the splendid lyricism makes all these excesses seem almost natural.

Victor Hugo loves the superhuman; he likes also the grotesque, which, in a sense, is superhuman. He delights in such characters as *Quasimodo*, as *Rigoletto*, etc.; he likes deformities, or at least he considers them as the necessary antinomies of beauty. Fortunately, he does sometimes (not often) express perfectly natural sentiments, and he then rises to his true height. Nothing can be finer than these verses, which he wrote a year after the sudden death of his daughter Léopoldine, who was drowned with her husband two years after her marriage:

"Je viens à vous, Seigneur, Père auquel il faut croire,
Je vous porte, apaisé,
Les morceaux de ce cœur, tout plein de votre gloire,
Que vous avez brisé.
Dans vos cieux, au delà de la sphère des nues,
Au fond de cet azur immobile et dormant,
Peut-être faites-vous des choses inconnues,
Où la douleur de l'homme entre comme élément."

How simple, how different from so many later poems, which I must call apocalyptic for want of a better expression.

The quality of simplicity will certainly not be found in that part of M. Mabilleau's book in which he analyzes the foundations, the springs of Victor Hugo's poetical genius. We are informed by him that Hugo's eyesight was not like everybody else's; that he never wore spectacles, even at an advanced age; that his drawings, which were lately exhibited, show violent

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oppositions of black and white—he never was sensible of any delicate shade of color. All his descriptions are, so to speak, violent; his sensations of form were violent also—he liked angular forms, fantastic, exaggerated lines. His eye was an instrument of imagination. He saw nature through his own mind, and it was to him a sort of permanent hallucination. Through his vision of the world, he ended by seeing nothing but himself.

His physical nature was peculiar: he was strong, and remained so to the end—square-shouldered. Sainte-Beuve had it from his hairdresser that his beard was very hard and chipped the razors. His teeth were like those of a wolf and could break anything. His appetite was extraordinary, and he could eat a great deal more than anybody and digest everything. He had a large head, heavy, a monumental forehead. Théophile Gautier has told us of his first visit to Victor Hugo, after "Hernani": "Twice did we mount the staircase, slowly, out of breath; we heard our hearts beat in our bosoms. At last the door was opened, and in a radiance of light, like Phœbus Apollo issuing from the gates of the dawn, appeared on the obscure landing Victor Hugo himself in all his glory." M. Mabilleau says that Victor Hugo was more than seventy when he first saw him. "It was the same man, with the same forehead, the same eyes, the same mouth, the same imperial majesty, the same audacity with the same mildness."

According to the theory of M. Mabilleau, founded on the succession of the poems, Victor Hugo became more and more subjective; images, forms, words became the mere playthings of his own imagination. He became at times almost drunk with words, with useless enumerations, with appositions and repetitions, with sonorous rhythms, with a purely plastic verbalism. At the same time, though he liked to play with physical appearances and with verbal formulas, he appeared in his own eyes more and more as a "pensieroso," as a thinker who has the privilege of looking behind nature, and who has for his mission to reveal its great secret to mankind. He became popular, and popular among people who certainly did not know even the names of his poems. He was known to be an apostle of the "pitié suprême." He had written 'Les Misérables'; his Olympic kindness embraced even the animal kingdom. He became a sort of idol; but he could not be unaware that, as he had been the first, he was also the last of the Romantics. When he disappeared, his revolted sons had formed new poetical schools, the Parnassiens, the Naturalists, the Symbolists, the Décadents. They could all say to him what Sainte-Beuve said to Chateaubriand: "We are your children; you have shown us the way."

# Correspondence.

## THE GENESIS OF A SENATOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The "wave of venality" which, according to the *Nation* of October 5, is now sweeping over the country, has gone over Delaware. The phenomena of its progress are distinctive enough to be worth recording.

Five years ago, when a split in the Democratic party gave the Republicans a majority in the Legislature, and they were struggling with that most difficult problem of political physics, the reduction of a multitude of candidates to a caucus nominee without the loss of energy and adhesion, there was suddenly sprung into the lists an altogether new and unfamiliar name. Inquiry revealed the fact that the gentleman represented by the name was the head of a large corporation doing business in several cities, and that his only connection with the State of Delaware was the ownership of a summer home in the northeastern part of the State, where he occasionally spent a few weeks. The new candidate bought up two or three small papers, established headquarters at the capital, and, for his money and his pains, failed to secure in caucus a single vote. His candidacy for the Senate was regarded as a joke, and as a bold man's device for gaining notoriety for himself and some desired legislation for his corporation.

For the next four years, but little was heard of our intermittent inhabitant as a factor in Delaware politics. A year ago, however, the Republicans put forth all their energy to elect a successor to the Hon. George Gray, whose term was about to expire. When election-day came, the Republicans, much to the chagrin of the Democrats, had more money than they could really spend. (Let it be remarked, in passing, that our Australian Ballot law is a mere statutory flourish.) The Democrats saved themselves as if by fire. The wonder was where the money came from. Gradually it transpired that the political adventurer of four years before was the source of the tremendous corruption fund. As in the Van Alen case, there seems to have been no bargain. No pledges were exacted from the candidates for the Legislature. The money was given, and then a wish for the Senatorship expressed. He simply trusted to the wave of venality to float him into the Senate.

In March, 1895, the term of the present Republican incumbent, Anthony Higgins, will expire. All of the spoilsmen and bosses and henchmen are expecting our absentee candidate to hand over one or two of his supernumerary half millions, and thus assure power to both them and himself. If ends did not submerge means, if party did not ride over patriotism, we might ask the Republicans to save us from the scandal of being farmed out to the highest foreign bidder; but they will reply: "There is no lack of precedent in high Democratic circles. Your own Senator Gray reported favorably upon the Van Alen nomination. As your Van Alen is to the Italian mission, so is our Crœsus to the Senatorship." Delaware.

October 14, 1893.

## ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS IN SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In two tendencies colleges in the South present an interesting contrast with those in the North. It is also interesting to note that in each tendency the movements are towards similarity.

When a strict curriculum continued to be the rule at the North, a purely elective system, under the strong influence of the University of Virginia, gained ascendency at the South; and while among Northern colleges there has been a tendency to introduce the elective system to a greater or less extent, the tendency among Southern colleges has seemed to be in recent years in the direction of the curriculum. Certain schools which have not a prescribed curriculum have recently begun to publish recommended courses for the bachelor's or some other degree. Washington and Lee University, for example, publishes three four-year courses for the B. A. degree, and the University of Virginia publishes a curriculum for the courses in civil, mining, and mechanical engineering, "recommended, though not obligatory." The newest of Southern colleges, Tulane, provides four courses in the undergraduate school, to one of which the student is required to adhere. It ought, however, to be said that the policy of Tulane, as of some other Southern colleges, is to admit pupils to the freshman class, and thus to confer the B.A. degree at least a year earlier than is the custom in Northern colleges.

To the general statement of this tendency towards a curriculum, exceptions may perhaps be found. The University of Georgia, for instance, which began with a close curriculum, permits election, with the proviso, however, that "the student must satisfy the faculty that there is some good reason."

The other contrast of tendency to which I have alluded concerns entrance examinations. While at the North there is a tendency to less definiteness in the prescribed requisites for admission, there seems to be growing in the South a tendency towards greater definiteness. In each case the tendency indicates a healthy change. Considering, for example, the requirements in Latin, there is no doubt that the prevailing law, which demanded four books of Cæsar, six or seven orations of Cicero, and six books of Virgil, has been of immense benefit in fixing and maintaining a standard in the secondary schools of the North. The standard having been set, the law having proved itself a "schoolmaster" to the schoolmasters? the time seems at hand for encouraging freedom and variety. In the South, on the other hand, there has been no prevailing law. It might almost be said that each college, each school, has been a law unto itself. The result has been hurtful in preventing an advance of standard and any steadiness of requirement by which secondary schools might direct their teaching.

The South has always enjoyed a few private secondary schools of exceptional excellence, whose pupils, on entering college under the elective plan, have taken advanced standing; but these schools are apart from any general system which contemplates the preparation of pupils for the first year of a regular course, and have thus, in spite of individual excellence, had little influence upon the general standard of admission.

Examining the announcements of twenty colleges, we find in the published requirements for admission a great lack of agreement and definiteness. Especially is this the case in colleges without a curriculum, between which and the others any comparison is difficult. Although the colleges without a curriculum have generally a preparatory class, yet, inasmuch as their regular undergraduate classes are three, namely, junior, intermediate, and senior, it seems proper to take their junior class as corresponding to the freshman class of other colleges. Of these twenty colleges, twelve have a curriculum, seven are elective, and one, the University of Texas, has the so-called group system. The following list, in which the colleges with a curriculum are put first, is made from the point of view of a secondary teacher who should wish to know how much Latin and Greek his pupils should have read, and how far in mathematics they should have advanced, in order to enter the first regular college class.

Roanoke College — Cæsar 4 books; easy Greek prose; algebra through quadratics.

Hampden-Sidney College — Some readiness

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in translating Latin prose and the Anabasis; arithmetic.

Davidson College—Cæsar, Cicero 4 Orations; Xenophon 2; algebra through radicals.

Tennessee—Ability to read Nepos, Cæsar, or Cicero; ability to read selections from Xenophon, etc. (*sic*); algebra to quadratics; geometry 2 books.

Vanderbilt—Cæsar 4, Virgil 4 (or, for two of these, equivalent of Ovid), Cicero 4; Xenophon 4, Homer 3 (Iliad or equivalent of Odyssey); algebra, plane geometry.

Mercer—Cæsar, Virgil; Xenophon; algebra to quadratics.

Mississippi—Cæsar 2, Cicero 1; algebra to quadratics, geometry 3.

Louisiana State—Smith's Principia Pts. I. and II.; elementary algebra.

Tulane—Nepos 5 lives, Cæsar 3, Virgil 1; Xenophon 3; algebra through quadratics, geometry 6.

Austin College—Cæsar 4; Xenophon 1; algebra to quadratics.

Georgia—Nepos, Curtius 2 (or for both, Cæsar 4), Virgil 1; Xenophon 1; algebra to powers and roots, geometry 2.

Alabama—Cæsar 3, Virgil 4, Cicero 6; Xenophon 2; algebra through quadratics, geometry 2.

North Carolina—Cæsar 2, Virgil 6, Cicero 4; Xenophon 3; algebra to quadratics.

Texas—Cæsar 4, Cicero 4; Xenophon 3; algebra through quadratics, plane geometry.

The catalogues of the following give no data as to entrance examinations for general admission, the position of the student being fixed by the head of each department which he may elect to enter. The list gives the subjects of the first of the three college classes, generally called junior. Sewanee has a preparatory school. Washington and Lee, Richmond, and Randolph-Macon have a class before the junior called respectively preparatory, junior i., and introductory.

Virginia—Selections from Sallust, Ovid, Curtius, Virgil; Xenophon, Lysias; latter part of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry.

Washington and Lee—Selections from Livy, Cicero, Virgil; Xenophon, Herodotus, Homer; latter part of algebra, geometry, plane trigonometry.

Richmond College—Virgil, Cicero; Xenophon, Lysias; latter part of algebra, geometry, plane trigonometry.

Randolph-Macon College—Cicero, Virgil, Livy; Xenophon, Lysias; algebra, beginning with quadratics, geometry.

Furman—Virgil, Ovid, Cicero; Xenophon, Homer; algebra and geometry.

South (Sewanee)—Livy, Ovid; Lysias, Demosthenes; geometry, trigonometry.

The English requirements in those colleges which hold formal entrance examinations show an encouraging unanimity, all of them except two specifying as part of the requirement the writing of a composition, and most of them naming the books from which the subjects will be given.

In the announcement of Furman University there are published "Suggested Requirements of Admission," which were recommended at a conference of representatives of the colleges of South Carolina held in 1892.

Vanderbilt University and the University of Texas publish specimen entrance examination papers. The catalogues of these two universities, together with those of the universities of North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and Tulane, are noticeable in the information which they give to preparatory teachers, as indicating a growing demand for better preparation and illustrating the tendency to a definite statement of requirements.

If it were possible to secure more harmony among the colleges, good results would doubtless follow more quickly; and now that public high schools are increasing in number and importance throughout the South, the need of better coördination between the colleges and the schools will become every year more apparent.—Respectfully, J. H. Dillard.

New Orleans, October 4, 1893.

## JUDICIAL POWER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters in the *Nation* of September 28 and October 12 upon "Judicial Power" are very interesting, and—may I be allowed in passing to say it?—show how evanescent magazine articles are; for the whole subject was exhaustively considered by me in 1885 (*Amer. Law Review*, March-April, pp. 175-202), and, I think, little new matter has been found since.

To this latter remark, however, there is one exception. The late Brinton Coxe of this city devoted much time in his latter years to the subject, and gathered together a mass of material, very much of which is quite new. This is all now set up in type and will very soon be given to the public, and it is in order to announce this fact to those interested in the subject that I write you. One exceedingly interesting question, not touched by your correspondents, is the question to what extent the framers of the Constitution *foresaw and intended* the doctrine upon the subject which has now become so fully established; and this subject is fully considered by Mr. Coxe, who examines the debates and traces the growth of the clauses in the Constitution upon the subject from what he calls their "historical antecedents." This line of investigation is almost entirely new. Mr. Coxe also examines at length the earlier law system in England and the systems upon the continent of Europe, and has unearthed numbers of cases which show that the American doctrine is not so entirely novel as is usually supposed. But the book will soon speak for itself.

Very truly yours, Wm. M. Meigs.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1893.

# Notes.

The Fleming H. Revell Co. announce 'More About the Mongols,' by the late James Gilmour; 'Five Hundred and Eighty-nine Wise Sayings,' selected from Eastern sources by W. A. Clouston; 'The Handwritings of the Kings and Queens of England,' with facsimiles, by W. J. Hardy; 'The Romance of Electricity,' by John Munro; and 'Foreign Missions after a Century,' six lectures delivered before the Princeton Theological Seminary by the Rev. J. S. Dennis, D.D.

Besides the 'Letters of James Russell Lowell,' edited by Prof. Norton, Harper & Bros. publish directly a translation of Moltke's 'Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs'; 'Evening Dress,' a farce, by W. D. Howells; and 'Short Stories,' the last of the "Distaff Series."

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'The Significance of Names,' by Leopold Wagner, and 'A Calendar of Verse,' by George Saintsbury.

Duprat & Co. of this city hold out a promising table of contents for their luxurious *Book-Lovers' Almanac* for 1894, together with etchings by Robida and many other illustrations.

Balch Bros., Boston, have issued a quarto volume entitled 'American Landmarks: A Collection of Pictures of Our Country's Historic Shrines,' with descriptive text by George A. Cleaveland and Robert E. Campbell. The fervid patriotism of these gentlemen is manifested in every section of the work, which for the rest is handsomely illustrated with full-page photogravure plates and with many artistic vignettes. The selection has been catholic, and the civil war, while not wholly neglected, has been but sparingly drawn upon. The plates are of very even excellence, and are mostly picturesque as well as photographically faithful. We remark by the way that the great Bennington obelisk is depicted only in vignette, and that a full-page view from the south would have shown its relation to the quiet old street of a town at its base: a violent contrast, surely, yet not so damaging as that occasioned by ill-made and ill-placed statuary in some other luckless New England villages we know of.

The Arts and Crafts Society has gathered together a number of the essays which have from time to time appeared in the catalogues of its exhibitions, Mr. William Morris has furnished a preface, and the Scribners have published the whole in a volume under the title of 'Arts and Crafts Essays.' Some of the writers deal with the various artistic handicrafts in a practical and suggestive way, but the larger number are vague, and merely suggest that good work is impossible under the reign of modern "commercialism," and that the world must be remade (presumably on socialistic lines) before much is to be hoped for. It is interesting to note how the British vision is limited by salt water. For instance, in the chapter on stained glass no mention is made of the admirable work of La Farge and other Americans, and in that on mural painting neither the wax method by which the best French work is done, nor that work itself, is considered. To talk of mural painting to-day without knowing the work of Puvis de Chavannes is to talk in the air.

It is somewhat difficult to see what are the qualities of 'The Literary Works of James Smetham' (Macmillan) that merit "a more permanent place in literature than the pages of a periodical admit or allow of," as the editor, Mr. William Davies, says of them. The first article in the volume is a good enough review of Leslie's and Taylor's Life of Reynolds, but, so far as we can see, contains nothing specially important or not to be found elsewhere. The essay on William Blake is sympathetic, but is marred by much quaintness and affectation of style. That on Alexander Smith is entirely nugatory, and that on Gerhard Dow altogether misses the real objection to Dow as an artist, which is not that he wasted an infinity of labor on mean subjects, but that the labor was so misapplied that the result is mean in style. The poems which conclude the volume show a slender thread of sentiment, and are rather melodious.

Dr. John Nisbet served many years in the care of the teak forests of tropical Burma, and has brought to Britain all the wealth of his experience. His book on 'British Forest Trees and their Sylvicultural Characteristics and Treatment' (Macmillan) "makes no pretension of being a work of original research or of observation based on long experience in the treatment of forests in Britain." The author confesses that it is, to a considerable extent, a compilation from the best German sources, but says that he can at any rate vouch for the correctness of the scientific principles enunciated, from his own observations in both Bri-

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tain and Burma. The whole subject of forestry is treated methodically in the first fifty-four pages; and then follow the individual species of British and introduced forest trees, from the Scots pine to the willows—in some cases as many as twenty or thirty pages being devoted to a single species. The general character, distribution, tree-form, and root system, requirements as to soil, situation, and light, age of maturity and reproductive capacity, liability to injury, treatment in the forest, sowing and planting are all treated of carefully and thoroughly. As for what the writer has translated from the German, one could read the book through and not suspect that it was not all his own. Of course, the climatic conditions of the United States are as different from those of England as our kinds of forest trees are unlike those of Europe; but the general principles of forestry set forth in this treatise may well be studied by thoughtful Americans.

So may Dr. Jarchow's 'Forest Planting: a Treatise on the Care of Timber-Lands and the Restoration of Denuded Wood-Lands on Plains and Mountains,' published by the Orange Judd Co. The author has had twenty years of experience in forestry in northern Germany, and has had a like period of personal observation in this country, and has written this practical work as an answer to the question, "How shall we preserve our forests?" His recommendations are very practical, such as that the forests left us should be guarded against unlawful encroachment, protected from fire, insects, and cattle, cleared of dead or defective trees, thinned out where too dense, and replanted where there is no other remedy. He says: "Under all circumstances, steps should be taken at once to establish on a proper place in the Adirondacks a nursery for raising the principal common forest trees to be used upon the denuded State lands." A further suggestion is, that among the inhabitants of the Adirondacks could be found the best crude material for good foresters to be trained and educated by the State.

Mrs. Lewis tells very briefly, in 'How the Codex Was Found' (Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes), the story of her remarkable discovery of a very ancient copy of the Gospels in Syriac. Accompanied only by her sister, Mrs. Margaret D. Gibson, who edits this volume, she spent a month in the winter of 1892 at the Convent of St. Catherine, Mt. Sinai, photographing ancient manuscripts, among them a palimpsest of 358 pages. The first part of the book is mainly descriptive of the journey and the life at the convent. A short account of the identification of the manuscript at Cambridge follows, and the closing chapter narrates, only too briefly, a second visit to Sinai by these ladies in February, 1893, in which they were accompanied by Prof. Bensly of Cambridge and Mr. Rendel Harris, who carefully transcribed the Codex. The editor has also added translations of a modern Greek description of the convent, and extracts from the journal of St. Sylvia of Aquitaine, who made a pilgrimage to Sinai in the latter part of the fourth century. It is interesting as giving a faithful description of the scenery around the sacred mountain nearly a century before the present convent was built.

The most convenient translation of the Book of Enoch is that of R. H. Charles (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan), based on Dillmann's Ethiopic text, which, however, is largely emended after hitherto uncollated Ethiopic MSS. and the Gizeh and other Greek and Latin fragments. Mr. Charles's critical and exegetical notes are good.

The Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope has published a useful edition of the Tamil classic, the 'Naladiyar' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan), with English translation and notes. It is a contribution both to the history of Indian wisdom and to the knowledge of the Tamil language.

W. R. Morfill's 'Poland,' in the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnams), is a readable work, and gives a fairly lucid account of the complicated career of a nation whose misfortunes have awakened far more sympathy than her achievements while she was independent. If "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," it was because the spectacle of a people crushed by foreign domination always appeals more strongly to our sense of justice than does the spectacle of a people oppressed by its own tyrants. The truth is that there was never any real freedom, as we understand it, in Poland—a very small oligarchy was free to bleed the burgher and peasant classes, that was all. The fate of Poland should be a warning to every country of the inevitable ruin which awaits a nation in which a small and selfish class—be that class military, clerical, hereditary, or commercial—absorbs all the civic power and enjoys all the resources of the State. Mr. Morfill attributes the fall of Poland to the want of patriotism and to the greed of the nobility; to the intolerance of the clergy; to the absence of a middle class; to the oppression of the peasantry, who could have no national spirit; and to the dearth of great men. He might have added as a concomitant cause the weakness of the dynastic principle. In other States the dynasty was often the prop to which national sentiment clung until it was strong enough to stand alone. Many illustrations add interest to this volume. A better map, in which the various partitions should be represented by different colors, instead of by confusing dotted lines, could easily have been prepared.

In the current Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society incidental mention is made of the celebration this year of the centennial anniversary in Worcester, Mass., of a fire society, sole survivor of its kind, whose functions have, however, become "social and literary rather than 'antipyretic.'" In November, 1892, there was celebrated in Boston the inception of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, whose object was not to put out fires, but to encourage invention to that end and to the suppression of them, and to aid sufferers by fire. A brief history of this excellent and still flourishing organization has just been published in handsome shape (Little, Brown & Co.), with some fine portrait and other illustrations. Paul Revere was one of the founders, and associated with his are some of the best of Boston names, including these suggestive ones: the Rev. William Emerson, John Phillips, Francis Parkman, and Oliver Wendell, besides Charles Pinckney Sumner, the one-time odist of the society. The volume is, in its historical, biographical, and antiquarian phases, a real contribution to the annals of Boston, in which city it is wholesome to recall (for our present national shame) that a negro woman was judicially burned alive for arson in 1681. The society now has an income of about $3,000 a year. The growth of insurance long ago induced an enlargement of its charter privileges, and its benefactions have been extended to the victims of various forms of disaster both in and out of Massachusetts, and have even availed to help found a lying-in hospital.

We recur to the A. A. S. Proceedings to mention also a valuable account, by Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury, of the British Public Record Office, and the material in it for early American history. And noteworthy is the memoir of Maj.-Gen. Thomas Harrison, by Charles H. Firth, who proves that this regicide was not an ancestor of ex-President Harrison.

Four years ago, Mr. Henry F. Waters, in his researches concerning the pedigree of Roger Williams, came upon a connection with the Rev. Josse Glover, a New England worthy in so far as that he furnished the means for establishing at Cambridge the first printing-press in Protestant America. Mr. Waters then promised to return to Glover, and he now fulfils the pledge in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. Among his "Genealogical Gleanings in England," Mr. Waters gives a number of Glover wills introducing "Josse Glover Clerke," besides some pertinent notes from the Suffolk (Mass.) Court files, which reveal the Appleton and Winthrop relationships through Glover's married daughters in this country. The will of the Rev. Nicholas Moreton of Southwark brings us face to face with John Harvard's transatlantic pastor; while the wills of Pryaulx and Mercer complete the links of descent from that picturesque character, the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who was certainly the ancestor of Whittier, and is reputed to be also of Daniel Webster. Richard Quiney's will touches again on John Harvard, as it does on Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon. Finally (by our forbearance), the wills are given of the mother and brother of Edmund Quincy, the immigrant ancestor of the eminent New England family bearing that name.

From the astronomical observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, in the construction of which M. Eiffel extensively interested himself, the following despatch is sent by M. Janssen, the distinguished astronomer of Paris and director of the astro-physical observatory at Meudon:

"The observatory has been erected, and the great work is ended. Only the interior arrangements now remain to be completed. It is a success in which everybody did not believe, and which is due to the enthusiasm of our courageous workmen, several of whom remained for twenty days without coming down, and also to the extraordinarily favorable weather in August. The windlasses adapted for use on the snow which I put in their hands worked admirably, and greatly contributed to the success and the relief of the workmen. I made much use of them in my ascent. It was curious and extraordinary to see the materials moved by these machines scaling the icy slopes of the ridge. We have had no serious accident to deplore. I hope the observatory may be utilized for certain observations this autumn."

—At the Congress of Astronomy convened in Chicago last August, Mr. Alvan G. Clark read a significant paper on the great telescopes of the future. Most of the important original discoveries in the optical line have been made with the largest telescopes in use at the time. Once seen with the large glass, however, the new objects were readily seen with smaller instruments. In the case of discoveries of a certain class made with telescopes of medium size, Mr. Clark is of the opinion that the discoveries would have been more numerous and important if the discoverers had been able to command the largest telescope. When the two 15-inch telescopes were made in 1846, one for Russia and the other for Harvard, they were considered monsters, and most astronomers thought the limit in size had been reached. Then came an interval of fifteen years with no increase in size, when in 1860 the order was given for an 18½-inch telescope now at the Dearborn Observatory in Evanston. Some ten years afterwards, Mr. Newall of Gateshead,

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England, built a 25-inch telescope, now at Cambridge, followed in 1873 by the 26-inch for the National Observatory at Washington, and one of like size at the University of Virginia. About 1880 the 30-inch glass was ground and figured for the Imperial Observatory of Russia at Pulkowa; then came the 36-inch Lick telescope, about seven years later; and now Mr. Clark has well under way the largest lenses ever constructed, of 40 inches diameter, for the University of Chicago. Such prodigious instruments are needed to make original discoveries, and in research bearing upon the constitution of the stars they are vastly superior to smaller ones. The trouble experienced by the earlier opticians in procuring good discs of glass seems to have passed away, and we are now able to procure discs of almost any size, the only obstacles being the time required to make them, and the money to pay for them.

—Mr. Clark strongly expressed the opinion that the great telescopes of the future will be refractors, not reflectors. The large telescopes of the latter type have rarely accomplished much except in the hands of the opticians who made them; they are extremely sensitive to unfavorable conditions affecting the use of the high magnifying powers which they are intended for. But, having once procured the great disks for the refracting telescope, all that is required is an optician to figure and polish them; and he must be an artist in color, as well as in light and shade, in order to do the perfect work required. This is a very difficult task, and the difficulties grow with the constant increase in size. Furthermore, it is work which will probably never be accomplished by machinery. Mechanical appliances are available for the rough work of the first polishing, but the fine grinding and smoothing is always done by hand. The increase in size of even our present great refractors is not alone a possibility but a fact, and with this will come large acquisitions to our present stock of knowledge. The new astronomy as well as the old demands more power.

—The interest of the Catalonians and their congeners of the Balearic Islands in the current developments of early American discoveries is manifested in a photographic reproduction of the well-known Catalan chart of Gabriell de Valsequa of 1439, very welcome as it is to students who have had heretofore to depend on the engraving made by Santarem in the days anterior to photographic accuracy. It is known that Vespucius owned and paid a hundred and thirty ducats for a chart of this same Valsequa, and it has been stated that the copy belonging to Vespucius was in existence in Majorca as late as 1838. We are not quite satisfied that it can be proved to be no other than the copy now photographed. Two little tracts further attest the current interest in these questions among the Majorcans and the neighboring Aragonese, both of which have been lately printed at Palma. One is on the 'Influencia de los Aragoneses en el descubrimiento de América,' by Don Miguel Mir of the Spanish Academy of History, and the other is on the 'Descubrimiento de América por Cristóbal Colón,' by Lorenzo Cruellas y Rovira. The first-named possesses the most interest. If Ferdinand the Catholic was lukewarm towards the merits of the great Genoese, the descendants of his subjects apparently do not care to be forgotten in the award of credit which the nineteenth century is making to the adventurous spirit of the fifteenth. There are some curious questions yet to be settled as to the exact relations which the people of Ferdinand sustained at that time to those of Isabella. The present essay is an effort to find the truth.

—In taking the census of Alaska in 1890, the Government agent saw that the Arctic Alaskans were on the verge of starvation. The whale and walrus, which had been their principal food, had been killed or driven off by whalers, and wild reindeer had been shot by white hunters. The natives, thus cut off from former sources of subsistence, had no hope save of Government rations such as are doled out to Indians. But the agent, Sheldon Jackson, devised a more excellent way. Learning that Siberians across the sea made a good living by raising domesticated reindeer, which gave to them food, clothing, shelter, transportation, etc., he became satisfied that importing Siberian animals might be the salvation of the Alaskans. On the strength of his report, a bill for such an importation was at once introduced in Congress and favorably reported on, but failed to pass. The measure, however, so commended itself to benevolent men as wise, humane, and demanding immediate action, that several thousand dollars were contributed by individuals in aid of Mr. Jackson's enterprise, and the United States vessel in Alaskan waters was ordered to render him all possible aid. It had been contended that reindeer could not be bought, or could not bear a thousand miles of necessary transportation—could not find food, or be protected from wolves. Several of these bugbears were short-lived. Before the close of 1891, Mr. Jackson had purchased sixteen head of the Siberian animals and safely transported them to an island in the harbor of Unalaska. They wintered there well, and in the spring showed an increase of two.

—In 1892 the experiment was still more successful. It was backed by a congressional appropriation, the best spots on the mainland for colonization had been sought out, and on the 4th of July fifty-three deer were put ashore at a single station, on the first inlet south of Bering Strait. This number was the first instalment of 171 which during the season were distributed to selected points. With them were brought skilled Siberian herders, under whom Alaskan boys were placed as apprentices, with the promise of deer for themselves as soon as they showed that they could fitly care for them. When Jackson left his colony, he was triumphant, but not without trepidation. It was impossible for him to hear from his herds for more than half a year, and meantime the fate of his experiment must be decided. His official report has not yet been made, but it is gratifying to know that his success is commensurate with his philanthropy. Of the 171, 4 were shipped to other parts of the United States, 13 died from injuries in transportation, 5 from fighting among themselves, and 2 strayed away at landing. To the herd of 147 in 1892 87 fawns were born this spring, of which 79 lived. Up to the middle of July 67 new imports had arrived from Siberia, and more are on the way. On the whole, the prospect is good that the new industry will not only keep the Alaskans from starvation and Indian idleness, but will lift them to a higher plane of living.

—The excellent series of "English History from Contemporary Writers" has received a scholarly and timely addition in Joseph Jacobs's 'The Jews of Angevin England' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Jacobs has included in the volume every scrap of evidence in the English records relating to the Jews of England up to the year 1206. Latin and Hebrew sources, printed and manuscript, are for the first time collected and translated, forming a work that reflects credit on the author's industry no less than on his scholarly exactness. The material thus gathered throws a full light on the activity of the Jews in England in the period mentioned, the relation of the Church to them, their function as money-lenders at a time when capital was needed by barons and monks, and the attitude of the king, who was the sleeping partner in all the Jewish usury. Mr. Jacobs shows the importance of Aaron of Lincoln, by whose moneys nine Cistercian monasteries of the north country were erected, and who boasted that he had built the shrine of St. Albans. The story of the York massacre, due to the desire of some nobles to evade their debts by the shrewd plan of destroying the Jews and the evidence of their knightly indebtedness, is told at length. The central fact brought out by Mr. Jacobs is the literary and spiritual prominence of English Jews during the last third of the twelfth century. He has enhanced the value of the work by presenting many curious illustrations, with full bibliographical and name lists, and running comments that are always of interest, even if at times a little garrulous. The book is quotable throughout, but this incident may suffice: A certain Jew travelled to Shrewsbury with the archdeacon of the same place, whose name was Peche, and the deacon, whose name was Dayville. When the Jew heard the archdeacon saying that his deaconry began at Bad-place and lasted until Bad-pass near Chester, he said, "It will be a wonder if chance bring me back safe from this country whose archdeacon is Sin (Péché), whose dean is the Devil, which you enter by a Bad-place and go out in a Bad-pass."

—The death of Emin Pasha, apparently confirmed by the latest reports from Africa, lends a peculiar interest to 'Die Wahrheit über Emin Pascha,' by his medical officer, Vita Hassan (Berlin: D. Reimer). In the second and concluding volume, which has just come to hand, the story is told of the Mahdist invasion of the Equatorial Province, of the mutiny of the Egyptian officers, and the retreat with Stanley to the coast. There is little that is new in all this, excepting the account of a mission to Unyoro by the author in company with Dr. Junker. The king of this country, Kabarega, who has generally been regarded as a savage of the worst type, he describes as an unusually brave and capable chief, and gives some remarkable instances of his trustworthiness and honesty. For Stanley he has only bitter words and charges of tyranny, inhumanity, faithlessness, and indirect extortion. With reference to them we can only say that this narrative, perhaps more than any other, shows how trying the circumstances were for all concerned in this unfortunate expedition. Some bitterness of feeling, surely, is pardonable to one who lost a child on this terrible march for lack of proper care. The main interest of the book, however, centres about Emin Pasha, and many little details of his life are given which make it possible to form what is apparently a truthful picture of the man. Though possessing few of the heroic qualities with which the popular enthusiasm invested him a few years ago, he had some of the characteristics of the successful ruler of half-civilized races. But in the hour of danger he showed himself fatally lacking in energy and decision. If Vita Hassan can be believed, the attack of the Mahdists on the province would certainly have failed but for Emin's timidity and dilatory action. His was

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a most difficult situation, however, and perhaps it is the chief merit of this book that it shows so clearly and effectively what Emin had to contend against. The closing chapter sketches briefly the present condition of the Sudan so far as it is known. As a proof of the hatred with which the Mahdists have inspired the people, the author quotes the first two lines of a ballad sung throughout the eastern Sudan, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Khalif to prevent it:

"O Father Negus, O Englishmen, rescue us.
Sons of kings were we, and now are we become as women."

"Father Negus" is the king of Abyssinia.

## LETTERS OF A PESSIMIST.

*Schopenhauer-Briefe.* Herausgegeben von Ludwig Schemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus; New York: Westermann. 1893.

ALTHOUGH no man of genius was ever more convinced of his greatness and of the immortality of his writings than Arthur Schopenhauer, he did not wish his private letters to be printed. When, a few years before his death, his apostle Bahnsen expressed a desire to copy the letters to Becker, he begged him to desist, on the ground that such duplication would increase the chance of their falling into the hands of a publisher, "which I do not desire, since they are letters hastily written, without premeditation or care. You will assuredly not lose much thereby; for they contain no new ideas whatever, as I am not in the habit of squandering such in private correspondence." In the case of his letters to members of his own family he had other grounds for not wishing them to be printed. During the period of the quarrel and long estrangement with his mother and sister, his irascible temper must have given birth to letters which neither he nor the recipients could have wished to be preserved for the scandal-mongers of future generations; accordingly they were destroyed, and not a trace of them has been found by his biographers and followers. Although this is on the whole a matter for congratulation, one regrets the loss of the numerous characteristic touches and bits of autobiography which these letters must have contained, and of which we have an occasional echo in the numerous and voluminous letters of his mother. In one of these (dated 1807) she says, in reply to one of his communications: "You are an ungodly fellow, and you lead your mamma to ungodliness, too, for, may the Lord pardon me; I had to laugh over the death of honest old Stender, and that surely is not permissible." In these letters he seems to have allowed his pessimistic candor and censoriousness even greater sway than in his published writings, for his mother repeatedly urges him to be more careful in his way of expressing himself, since the post-office is not to be trusted, and half a word is enough for her.

In spite of Schopenhauer's obvious desire that none of his letters should appear in print, his disciples and friends have now made public every scrap they could find, justifying themselves on the ground of duty to the world, and the conviction that his wish applied only to his lifetime. Frauenstädt, Gwinner, Lindner, and others have given to the world specimens of his correspondence, but it remained for Herr Schemann to attempt a collection of the miscellaneous groups and single letters written to various parties. Questions of copyright and other considerations prevented him from including all of Schopenhauer's letters in the volume now before us, and it must, therefore, be regarded merely as a supplement to previous publications. Most of the material presented is new and based on the MSS., but in the case of special groups the editor has secured permission to insert letters already printed. He has also inserted a considerable number of letters addressed to Schopenhauer by his mother, his disciples, and admirers, most of which are also worth reading. The appendix contains more than a hundred pages of notes on the correspondence, and miscellaneous information about the philosopher's friends, his last will, etc. In short, it is a book which will prove invaluable to future biographers, and at the same time all admirers of the most lucid and poetic philosopher since Plato will find therein much to instruct and entertain them. For although Schopenhauer was right in saying that he did not "squander" important new ideas in his private letters, he could not help throwing valuable side-lights on various points, while his grim but honest personality is vividly brought before us during their perusal.

Unlike her son, Johanna Schopenhauer did not destroy her family correspondence. Quite the contrary, she asked for the return of most of it, for the purpose of incorporating it in her memoirs. She was a most voluminous writer, for while her son's collected works are included in six volumes, hers are extant in twenty-four. From her letters to Arthur, Herr Schemann has included in his volume a number of extracts that afford glimpses of her style and mind, which are the more interesting as, according to Schopenhauer's doctrine, men of genius inherit their intellect from the mother, their character from the father. She was undemonstrative, averse to a show of sentiment. "You have just left me," she once wrote to Arthur. "I still inhale the smoke of your cigar. I know I shall not see you again for a long time. We have spent the evening most agreeably together; let that be the parting. When you get these lines, I shall probably not be here any more; should I be, do not call! I cannot endure leave-taking." And a few days later she wrote that he was a good boy for taking her "Polish leave" as it was meant. When Arthur writes to her, dissatisfied with his position and the world, she replies: "I know only too well how little of the happy spirit of youth was allotted to you, how much disposition to melancholy musings you received as a sad inheritance from your father." She feels that he lacked a mother's care and advice in the period of transition to serious life, and attempts to console him with the maxim that every man not destined to be a mere log must have his moments of dissatisfaction with the world. She tells him that the more she observes mankind, especially when in distress, the more does she notice and admire its noble traits; but such optimistic sentiments are entirely thrown away on Arthur.

Johanna Schopenhauer had the good luck to be one of Goethe's friends in Weimar, and she tells her son many interesting things about their social intercourse, of which Goethe's biographers (especially Düntzer) have been glad to avail themselves. We get glimpses of the poet following Johanna's example in alleviating the sufferings of the wounded after the battle of Jena; of the amiability, sincerity, and frankness of his character, and its childlike simplicity. She relates how one day he helped her and Meyer to make a fire-screen: "If a senator or burgomaster could see how Meyer and I glue together paper cuttings while Goethe and the others stand by eagerly proffering their advice, he would feel a genuine Christian pity for us poor childish souls." Arthur's personal acquaintance with Goethe did not begin till some years later, when he spent a winter in Weimar, where, as he says in an autobiographic sketch, "I enjoyed the association with Goethe, which became as intimate as a difference of thirty-nine years in our ages permitted." He worshipped Goethe as he did no one else but Kant, and almost the only utterances of personal enthusiasm in his writings are his references to "the divine Goethe," to the "infinite advantages" of intercourse with him, or a passage like this: "Your friend, our great Goethe, is well, is merry, social, well-disposed, friendly; praised be his name to all eternity."

Schopenhauer's correspondence with Goethe (seventeen letters, 1814–1818) is given complete in the present volume, and forms its most valuable feature. It relates entirely to the subject of Goethe's writings on color-phenomena and Schopenhauer's treatise on the same subject, in which he endeavors to comprise Goethe's isolated facts under a theory, supplying them with an *a-priori* proof; but, while accepting most of Goethe's observations, controverting a few of them, Schopenhauer's attitude in this correspondence is characteristic. He has forwarded his treatise to Goethe in the hope that it would be cordially welcomed as a desirable prop of an edifice which the scientific experts were inclined to pooh-pooh. When Goethe delays a definite answer, yet keeps the MS., the pessimist is unable to restrain the expression of disappointment, impatience, and fear that some one might plagiarize his ideas. Goethe, on his part, behaved in this matter in a way curiously opposed to his usual frankness and sincerity. Whether he was influenced by the few points of disagreement or some other consideration, is not clear, but he refused to give his correspondent a definite criticism, although Schopenhauer begged him over and over again, in the most pleading tones, to do so, whether the verdict should be favorable or unfavorable. Details cannot be given here, but two incidental sentences from Schopenhauer's letters may be cited as illustrations of intellectual traits: "I know with absolute certainty that I am the first who has provided a true theory of color. . . . I know, too, that this theory will some day be universally accepted and familiar to school-children." In the other passage to be cited he endeavors to account for his nervous fears for the fate of his manuscript: "I know from your own statement that your literary activity is of secondary importance to you, actual life the main thing. With me the contrary is true; what I think, what I write is of value and importance to me; what I personally experience and what happens to myself is a matter of indifference to me, nay, of scorn."

Had not Goethe chosen to act so strangely and ungenerously towards the most intellectual of all his followers and admirers, had he endorsed the *Farbenlehre* and sent it into the world with a preface of his own, Schopenhauer's fame might not have had to wait several decades longer before it was fairly launched. Eleven years after his correspondence with Goethe, he made another effort to draw attention to his theory of colors by translating it (with important changes) into Latin, in order, as he says, "to appeal from the German public to the European." The publication was delayed in a most vexatious manner, explicable by the fact that the periodical in which it was to appear was in a moribund condition. For ten years Schopenhauer had not sent anything to the printer, so little encouragement did his contemporaries give him. The translation he had of course made *pro gloria*

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alone, for he received nothing for it, and he consoles himself with Jean Paul's witty maxim: "Not till books no longer have a price shall we have some that are priceless." He pronounces the Latin version greatly superior to the German, notwithstanding the linguistic disadvantage of using a dead language. It is odd to find that as a youth he did not like to study Latin, and made so little headway that his mother, as she relates, was for advising him to drop it, but was dissuaded by Goethe. In later years he became an enthusiast for the dead languages, and never wearied of contrasting classical elegance with the slovenliness of modern literature, or of berating people in general for their ignorance of Latin and Greek.

These letters give us also a vivid realization of Schopenhauer's thorough mastery of modern languages. English, French, Italian, Spanish, were almost as familiar to him as to a native. That he read the London *Times* every day of his life is notorious. In a letter to a publisher (150-152), in which he offers to translate two of Hume's masterworks (on religion), he says: "As I learned the English language thoroughly in early youth from a country parson near London, I have retained a ready command of it; so that all Englishmen with whom I have had much converse of late, especially in Italy, acknowledged that they had never heard their language so well spoken by a foreigner; twice, indeed, for a while, I was mistaken among them for an Englishman." In the same letter he adds: "I would also offer my services for translations from the Italian. Both by a residence of almost two years in Italy and by much reading I have acquired an intimate knowledge of the language." What he had in mind especially was a philosophical work by Giordano Bruno. Eight years later we find him appealing to Keil in Leipzig, as the leading German authority on Spanish, for assistance in finding a publisher for a translation of Balthasar Gracian's 'Oráculo Manual,' adding the information that for seven years past he had been devoting himself to a study of that language, and subjoining as proof of his proficiency some corrections in the text of Keil's edition of Calderon, which had escaped even the eye of the expert critic. Keil cordially welcomed him to the realm of Spanish literature: "I have compared your translation with the original, and admired the accuracy with which you have reproduced in German the language of this old and difficult author." A publisher was found, but could not come to terms with the translator as regards the remuneration for the first edition and a possible second.

French, too, was a language in which our philosopher felt thoroughly at home. Pages 182-5 are taken up with a letter, written in French, to a Paris publisher, who had announced a translation of Goethe's works. To him Schopenhauer offered his services for a final revision. The project came to naught, and even if it had not, it is not likely that Schopenhauer's services would have been accepted, for his contemporaries had no use for him in any rôle or capacity—the more's the pity, for it arrested his productivity, and in the present instance deprived the world of a most interesting commentary on Goethe's poems, founded, as Schopenhauer promised, "on circumstances known only to personal friends of the poet." Luckily he was not again ignored when he took up another scheme and begged the editors of Kant's works, Rosenkranz and Schubert, in Königsberg, to make the first version of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' the basis of their edition, instead of the second, as they had intended to do. With all his worship of Kant, Schopenhauer expresses his conviction (p. 187) that the changes in the second edition were the result of ecclesiastic intimidation, and, therefore, a weakness of the aged philosopher, to whom we should apply, as to all others, the corrected maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi verum*. To retain the second version would be, he says, like placing the recovered genuine limb of a statue by the side of the restoration instead of putting it back in its original place. This group of letters belongs among Schopenhauer's most lucid and vigorous writings, and their value is increased by a supplement of four pages giving minutely all the differences between Kant's two editions—a supplement which the Königsberg editors were glad to make use of too, for they could not help admiring their adviser's Kant-scholarship, notwithstanding their own Hegelian tendencies.

Of Schopenhauer's scorn for Hegelism there are some amusing illustrations in this correspondence. In letters of his last period he gleefully notes the evidence of Hegel's waning popularity and the growing brilliancy of his own star. He notes the number of his apostles, keeps a record of all the articles on himself, tells of the homage he receives in the shape of letters and personal demonstrations, and is as happy as a child in his gratified vanity. Had he lived till to-day, he would have seen the realization of his dreams; for while Hegel is now a mere memory, and his works have never had more than two editions, Schopenhauer's two leading works reached their eighth and seventh editions before the copyright expired, while since then there have been a number of others, including that apotheosis of popularity, a Reclam edition—which is not only absurdly cheap, but is the best edited of all, and contains an index to the six volumes. Yet the triumph is not as complete as Schopenhauer would have desired, for although his pessimistic creed has many votaries, his metaphysical theory proper is not generally believed to have solved the mystery of the world; indeed, his fame rests chiefly on his quality as great thinker and elucidator of the thousand miscellaneous problems which he discusses incidentally, and expresses with marvellous literary art and suggestiveness. Had he lived to see Schemann's volume, he would doubtless have been gratified to read (p. 509) that his portrait is the only one to be seen in the room of Tolstoi, who has also written that no other author has given him such exquisite pleasure as Schopenhauer, "the greatest of all geniuses." It is now safe to say that the next generation will pronounce Schopenhauer, with Darwin and Wagner, one of the three greatest revolutionary forces of our century. Strange to relate, he treated the most intellectual of *his* admirers (Wagner) very much as Goethe had treated *him*. For Darwin, too, he has nothing but a sneer ("shallow empiricism," p. 325). He also sneers at Faraday and Humboldt because of their sceptical attitude toward table-rapping and other spiritualistic phenomena.

Although the great pessimist talks in his letters usually about business matters or intellectual topics, and rarely about himself, there are not a few revelations by the way of his personality, his habits and hobbies. That he succeeded in passing his seventieth year was largely owing to his sensible living. "Most persons," he writes, "have some recurrent or chronic illness; I see it daily. Not so I." He warns his disciple Doss against sacrificing sleep to books: "Sleep is the source of all health and vigor, including that of the mind. I still sleep seven, often eight, occasionally nine, hours. Therefore I laugh at my seventy years, including its psalm-reference." And again: "You should daily take a two-hour walk, *alone and rapidly;* that will help you more than all baths, and costs nothing." He probably would have sneered at the notion that married men live longer than bachelors, and when he discovered that even his "apostle St. John," as he called Doss, was about to get married, he pelted him with his pessimistic jokes: "May you happily continue your three-years' betrothal, which is a truly fortunate thing for you, since pleasure lies chiefly in anticipation." And two years later: "I rejoice to hear that, after the lapse of a year, you still feel so happy in your married state; certainly an unusual case, the great prize in the lottery of life." It seems, however, that in his later years the sculptress Elizabeth Ney, to whom he refers as "twenty-four years old, very pretty, and indescribably amiable," succeeded in making him modify his estimate of womankind. Nevertheless, in the same letter (p. 325) he relates with much glee how he frustrated the designs of a female journalist who had sat next to him at the table-d'hôte for a whole week for the purpose of utilizing his table-talk; and when the suspicious philosopher remained silent, she departed and wrote a spiteful description of his personality. It appears, indeed, that although most eager for homage, he was very particular as to the form of it. He forbade his publishers to seek notoriety for him by the customary "puffing" of his books, and when a Leipzig illustrated periodical desired to print his picture with a sketch of his life, he became angry with the "scamps" on finding that they expected him to have the photograph taken at his own expense. On another occasion his ire was aroused by a photographer who sent his picture to an exhibition in Paris, one cause of the wrath being that there it might possibly be seen by Napoleon III. Herr Schemann has included in his volume two of the best of Schopenhauer's portraits, those by Ruhl and by Lenbach (Cosima Wagner's property). In the letters of the last years there are various references to portraits and photographs, for which he sat repeatedly, on behalf of and at the expense of admirers. "Göbel, our best portrait-painter, a man of much talent, has just (1859) completed my portrait—certainly very like and not flattering; but I see no trace of intelligence and genuine expression; it is an old dragon. Göbel is a superlative realist." Elsewhere (256) he quotes an artist's opinion that it was impossible to paint him accurately because his face changed every moment.

Of the appendices to Schemann's volume the most interesting is Schopenhauer's last will, with codicil, and in these the most characteristic point is the provision for the dog, who is to be taken care of by his servant or by one of several designated friends, for a compensation of 200 florins, which in the codicil is increased to 300. His love of dogs was as pronounced as Wagner's and Darwin's, and many interesting stories are told of it. The most amusing of these is referred to repeatedly in the correspondence. He made a collection of the pictures of dogs famous in literature or for some heroic performance. The number gradually increased to sixteen, and these pictures were hung on the walls of his room, of which, with a statue of Buddha, they formed the chief ornament. The newspapers finally heard reports of his hobby, and he was described

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as sitting in his room surrounded by sixteen living dogs.

## RECENT NOVELS.

*Nowadays, and Other Stories.* By George A. Hibbard. Harper & Bros.

*The Translation of a Savage.* By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co.

*The Two Salomes.* By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros.

*A Father of Six, and an Occasional Holiday.* By N. E. Potapeeko. Translated by W. A. Gaussen, B.A. Cassell Publishing Co.

MR. HIBBARD passes easily from grave to gay and again from gay to grave, and in each vein shows decided merit. He is seen at his best in his lighter mood, exhibiting there less tendency to mannerism, and expressing his idea more definitely and compactly. "Guilty Sir Guy" is a pleasing extravaganza, with neat things not too sparsely strewn through the dialogue. "A Flirt" hits off what Mr. Hibbard is pleased to dub "militant girlhood," with spirit and an evident leaning to the "coming-on" young woman of modern development. Rightly or wrongly, one imagines a Western flavor in the social tone and in the descriptions of places. But sharp individualization either of persons or places need not be looked for in any of these stories; all are more or less marred by a tendency to generalize that very nearly overlaps the limits of platitude. An unfortunate inclination to piece out the story-teller's web with the preacher's shuttle is most marked in the first story, "Nowadays." If, however, Mr. Hibbard is not yet past-master of his craft, he has left his 'prentice manner well behind him, and his present volume is quite clever, with a promise that bespeaks a welcome for his next venture whenever it shall appear.

In 'The Translation of a Savage' there is novelty enough of incident to tickle the palate of the most jaded novel-reader. The irruption into the domestic circle of a well-bred, decorous, English county family of a bride in moccasins and buckskins is an episode that comes as near being something new under the sun as can reasonably be expected in these days of strained invention. Choosing such a bride from her father's wigwam, and forwarding her promptly, in her aboriginal blanket, to an English home, may also be regarded as a *haute nouveauté* in the way of revenge for parental interference in the matter of another marriage. How admirably the worldly but high-minded Armour family behaves under this dispensation of a son's hand is very readably and convincingly set down. Beyond this point, however, something is left to desire. Lali's transformation into the conventional, neglected, unsuspectedly beautiful, and late-loved wife proceeds at such a breakneck speed that the imagination has difficulty in keeping pace, and reason rebels. It was not, after all, a savage, daughter to Eye-of-the-Moon, that Frank Armour wedded in his fit of pique, but only a transmigrated angel. The secondary love stories are of the stuff out of which the book-maker ordinarily manufactures his padding; and some sentimentalities, pretty enough in the nursery, are here a trial to the taste. To sum up one's impressions briefly, this is a book whose lively beginning is not justified by its end, yet which no one will be satisfied to put down until the end has been made matter of certainty and assurance.

Ever since Elsie Venner first left the mind in a state of delightful bewilderment, there has been no dearth of New England heroines with psychical complications to unravel. It is consequently not much of a surprise to discover that the two Salomes are not two girls, but one girl with two heredities. The blood of a Spanish grandfather has somehow got mixed with the otherwise unadulterated Puritan strain of this fair Yankee's ancestry. Hence her lack of mantling blushes, and other peculiarities of a more serious nature. The latter do not appear until home, its cranberry bogs and syntax-defying lovers, have been exchanged for Florida, with a "climate" and a lover of another stamp. The exact means by which this change of scene is carried out may be learned from the volume with great minuteness of detail. Realism without reality is a pervading characteristic in the story of Salome's singular lapse from integrity. A book that raises questions may be the very best sort of a book; to close a tale with a large interrogation point is the method of some of our cleverest story-tellers. But the whys and wherefores that here intrude are not the sort that urge the mind again to try conclusions with character and destiny; they are the expression of confusion and disagreement. A return to the simpler themes and more restrained manner with which Miss Pool first pleased her readers, is the best that can be wished her.

It is a pity that the author of the pleasant little Russian country sketches should again be deprived of the credit, as he was in the case of the first volume of his which was translated into English. In the former instance, the publishers had the unhappy thought to print his name in Russian characters only, on the title-page. These were guessed at by each reviewer separately, and the variety and complication of the results were marvellous. On the present occasion, when there is a pretence of furnishing the English transliteration, the initials are wrong and the surname reads Potapeeko instead of Potapenko.

"A Father of Six" is the melancholy story of a poor *diatchók* in Little Russia, who has six children, the eldest aged seven years, and a wife who is dying of consumption. He is anxious to be ordained a priest, that he may get a better position and salary to rear his children; but the bishop has refused to ordain him because he does not sing in tune—a much more important matter in Russia than the foreign reader would suppose. As a last resort he borrows, on very hard terms, money to bribe the secretary of the consistorium from the usurious daughter of his priest, Father Pankrátii, himself a shrewd farmer and hoarder, but returns in despair, after another refusal, to find his wife almost at the last gasp. She begs him to hasten back at once to the bishop, forty versts away, confide the case to him in person, and beseech him to administer ordination at once, on the chance of her being still alive, since it is illegal to ordain widowers, unless under very exceptional circumstances, and when they are over forty years of age. Father Anton is only twenty-eight, there are no exceptional circumstances in his case, and if he remains a mere *diatchók* at his wife's death his hopes are at an end for ever, and his children must starve on his slender salary. The kindly old bishop yields to poor Father Anton's entreaties, and runs the risk of the wife's death. Father Anton returns to his wretched home to find his wife dead, and the future of his children assured—provided he can get a post as priest, and can pay off the large debt which he has contracted to the hard-hearted priest's daughter. How these two points are to be managed, the author omits to mention. It is an affecting little story, told in an agreeable, straightforward way, with no attempt at padding or fine writing.

The same may be said of the much slighter sketch called "An Occasional Holiday," which narrates how a formerly well-to-do peasant is driven by bad harvests and misfortune to hire out as a laborer to a virago of a priest's wife, at starvation wages. During his year of service with this termagant, an overwhelmingly abundant harvest runs up the price of labor to such a degree that while Artem is getting but forty rubles a year, laborers in the hayfields are getting a ruble and a half a day, with a prospect of double that sum when the grain harvest is ripe. The manner in which the laborers of the Squire go on a sudden "strike," and the scenes between the priest, his fury of a wife, Artem and her other servants, who desert for higher wages (with perfect right, it must be observed), are delightfully told.

The translation is fairly good, but, with more knowledge of the language and of the customs of the country, several peculiar errors might have been avoided. For example, it is certain that poor Father Anton never had "a beaver cassock," beaver being a very expensive fur, and used only for collars. Again, as "requiem masses" are said only in church, it is not possible that the sentence with which the first story ends can have been rightly translated. The word must have been *panikhidi*, which means prayers of a certain kind, not "a requiem mass." The English of the rendering is, at times, extremely careless, *e. g.*, "It was far to the town—forty versts—and therefore impossible to drag an invalid thither during the winter time; moreover, it was impossible to persuade Natiónka to do so"—Natiónka being the invalid in question.

## A MEDIATORIAL HISTORY.

*The United States:* An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

IT is significant that Messrs. Higginson and Channing's 'English History for American Readers' and the work before us, "intended for English rather than American readers," have met with immediate acceptance and passed to a second edition. They are likely to have a common use as text-books in our higher schools and academies. But here their resemblance ends, as they differ not more widely in theme than in construction. Mr. Goldwin Smith's sketch is a literary masterpiece, as readable as a novel, remarkable for its compression without dryness, and its brilliancy without any rhetorical effort or display. What American could, with so broad a grasp, and so perfect a style for those who, in Edward FitzGerald's phrase, "like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-flowing eloquence," have rehearsed our political history from Columbus to Grant in 300 duodecimo pages of open type? or would have manifested greater candor in his judgment of men and events in a period of four centuries? It is enough to say that no one before Mr. Smith has attempted the feat, and that he has the field to himself.

Americans, as they have already proved, will buy this compendium eagerly, and it is already evident that they will judge it favorably, in spite of opinions and estimates at variance with their traditions or (in the case of our more recent history) with the convictions of perhaps one-half of the present generation. Herein lies precisely its value as a mental stimulus to the private reader, and as an occasion

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for discussion, reflection, and research in the class-room such as our formal text-book-makers are almost under bonds not to furnish. In a work which makes the impression of having been produced at a single heat, errors of fact have naturally been pointed out. One critic has noticed the slip by which the Charter Oak is spirited from Hartford to Providence; another has corrected the tale of Benton's years in the Senate; a third, profiting by Mr. Waters's discoveries, controverts the assertion that Roger Williams was a Welshman instead of a Londoner; a fourth may object to making "red herrings" of the winter's "salted provisions" which the boy Franklin begged his father to say grace over in the cask by way of saving time (the popular gloss is *pork*); and we will add that Mr. Smith's apologia for the mother country, in her dealings with the colonies before the Revolution, might properly have been strengthened by his adopting not the contemporary and transmitted view of Gov. Andros's arbitrary character, but the vindication which he has received at the hands of a fair-minded American historical student, Mr. W. H. Whitmore, editor of the 'Andros Tracts.' It has not failed to be remarked, too, that the New England colonies receive the greater part of Mr. Smith's attention, to the apparent neglect of the others; but here we touch the main object which our author had in view, viz., to interest his own countrymen in our annals, and it would have to be shown that any other group of colonies compares with New England in the richness of its material for picturesque narration, or for exhibiting the development of self-government, the spirit of independence, enterprise, expansion, nationality, humanity, on this continent.

Mr. Smith's rapid summary, then, though submitted to an American audience, must not be regarded as a challenge of accepted ideas. We are allowed to overhear, as it were, a discourse conceived in absolute good will to this country, in an ardent desire to cement fraternal and peaceful relations with his own. Heaven knows that we need every possible corrective of the wretched little school histories which, unconsciously no doubt, perpetuate in our youth of to-day the animosities engendered by wars between an America and an England not those of to-day, and make this thoughtless age an easy prey to protectionist chauvinism. We can but welcome the privilege of listening to the old story told by one not of ourselves, though in sympathy with us, and who does not ask us to forget that he is an Englishman, but only to make allowance for his position as one "who regards the American commonwealth as the great achievement of his race, and looks forward to the voluntary reunion of the American branches of the race within its pale, yet desires to do justice to the mother country and to render to her the meed of gratitude which will always be her due." The rest is a matter of personal equation or of literary art. Thus, when Mr. Smith says (p. 6), "Unhappily these [Puritans], in common with other colonists of the period, retained not only their love of the old land, but their political tie to it," and again (p. 64), "It cannot be too often repeated that the relation between the imperial country and a colonial dependency was radically false," we read between the lines a sermon to Canadians. They are in his mind, too, when he asks, on page 70, "Would Chatham have thought of allowing the colonies to lay protective duties on British goods, he who talked of forbidding them even to make a nail for a horseshoe?" So Mr. Smith's aversion to home rule crops up in the sentence (p. 123): "In the group of States with which the framers [of the Constitution] had to deal, . . . there was no towering predominance to excite the permanent jealousy of the rest, as there would be if England were federally united with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland." Twice, too (pp. 175 and 217), he insists, not untruthfully, on the part played by Irish immigration in reviving the waning sentiment of hatred towards Britain, yet with less than his usual justice to the victims of British misrule, and more than his customary palliation of England's wrongdoing. Nor does he fail to note the Irish alliance with the pro-slavery Democracy, in spite of O'Connell's example and exhortation to the contrary; or Father Mathew's forgetting in America "that he had signed [in Ireland] an anti-slavery manifesto."

In Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' it may be alleged as a defect that too little stress is laid upon slavery as a factor in modifying the political development of this country. Mr. Smith's sketch is not liable to this charge. Five chapters embrace the whole of it, and the fourth deals explicitly with "Democracy and Slavery," while the fifth, "Rupture and Reconstruction," is, of course, only a continuation of the same topic; and the two together constitute nearly one-half of the entire work. But slavery begins to be mentioned as early as page 25, and is never afterwards lost sight of. Such a proportion of attention to this subject is a refreshing novelty, without example among our native historians. Hardly to be called novel, though individual and striking in their mode of presentation, are Mr. Smith's characterizations of leading statesmen, such as Jefferson and Lincoln. And while the reader must often be struck with what seems caprice in the choice of typical incidents to color and substantiate the narrative, he can but admire the skill which finds room for so many classic extracts, so many proverbial party sayings. Throughout, too, one meets with passages of epigrammatic force and weight, such as this, touching the neutral trade of the United States during the Napoleonic wars (p. 162): "You may have a right to traffic on a battle-field, but you will have difficulty in exercising it, especially if the battle-field is one in which nations are fighting for their lives"; or this (p. 173):

"The war [of 1812] is sometimes justified on account of its supposed effect in consolidating American union. To make war for such a purpose would surely be a satanic policy. Instead of consolidation, the war nearly produced secession, to the very verge of which it drove New England. The true instruments of consolidation were, not the war, but the improved means of intercommunication, the national roads, the canals, the steamships, the railways, to which the period following the war gave birth, as well as the growing activity of the press, and the other intellectual agencies which overcome geographical distance. The fruit of moral or political effort is not to be won by violence."

Let us cite also the pregnant remark (p. 150): "Federal parties extended, as they ever have, to State politics, the party in each State being a sort of donkey-engine to the great Federal machine"; and again, in the helpful analysis of the Constitution (p. 126): "The States were prohibited from laying import or transit duties on each other's goods. Internal free trade was thus secured to the whole of the continent occupied by the United States. This was practically the greatest of all the measures of free trade in commercial history"; and finally (p. 219): "An international copyright law would have done more to emancipate from British influence than any war with Great Britain."

"Should this volume find acceptance," says Mr. Smith in his preface, "it may be followed by a companion volume on the same scale, and treating, necessarily with the same succinctness, the recent history of parties and the questions of the present day." This volume, so desirable, yet so delicate and difficult of execution, we may say is now assured. Externally, should it proceed from the same press (in Boston), it will be agreeable to the eye and will closely resemble an English product, and it will be apt on closer inspection to betray some of the typographic carelessnesses fostered by that provision of our crude copyright law which enforces domestic manufacture. The punctuation in the volume before us is often extremely slovenly, an amusing example being that on page 24, where the hyphen has been omitted from the compounds: "There were social meetings for the young, such as raising bees and sewing bees." An English proof-reader, indeed, might have been guilty of this, and pardonably so; but an American should have done better, and should, moreover, have secured uniformity in the capitalizing of the word State, and not let pass "Governeur [Morris]" on page 99 while Gouverneur occurs on page 142.

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*Negative Beneficence and Positive Beneficence.* Being Parts V. and VI. of the Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

WHAT magic art can Herbert Spencer practise to render his books so marvellously dull? It is a psychological problem. Dry they are not, nor are dry books more apt to be dull than others. Books that are both there no doubt are, say, in ethics, Whewell's 'Morality'; so there are books that just manage to keep dulness at arm's length by an agile exercise of a virtue the opposite of dryness, such as the 'Tale of a Tub.' But very often method, condensation, and business-like exclusion of all flights, which make up dryness, serve to keep the reader's mind alert. Stephen on 'Evidence,' Kant's 'Critic of the Pure Reason,' Ricardo's 'Political Economy,' Cremona's 'Geometry,' are dry to the last degree; yet, given an interest in the subject, any of them will detain your attention till you are exhausted by the mental labor it demands. On the other hand, such eternal monuments of dulness as the Koran, Volney's 'Ruins,' Tucker's 'Light of Nature,' Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and, most overpowering of all, Spencer's 'Synthetic Philosophy,' are not a bit dry.

The phenomenon of dulness in Spencer's books is partly explained by his inimitable method of expressing himself—inimitable, at least, by any man of taste. He has disclosed the secret of it in his famous 'Essay on the Philosophy of Style': it lies in the "economy of attention." He artfully induces the reader to relax the muscles of the mind until nothing hinders the last stages of narcosis but the irritation produced by the Spenceresque diction. That, for all this, people read him is a great compliment to him and a great credit to them. The present volume opens thus:

"One division of an earlier work in this series of works—*The Principles of Psychology*—was devoted to showing that all intellectual operations are ultimately decomposable into recognitions of likeness and unlikeness."

And so the author proceeds through five mortal pages of platitudes about discrimination, in a psychological vein both cheap and superficial, and all to what purpose? Why, simply that he himself is intending to draw a distinc-

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tion, one of the most familiar of distinctions, upon which all this dishwater about discrimination has just as much bearing, and no more, as upon any other distinction that any author might anywhere draw upon any subject. What an accomplished artist in tedium!

But the most stupefying principle in Spencer's writings is, for some readers, not his method of expressing himself; much less is it the essence of his thought, which (we need not say) is almost always striking and impressive. It is that the thought is developed in an old-fashioned way. In 1857 Mr. Spencer was not a remarkably well-read man in philosophy. He has himself admitted his ignorance of Kant. There is much in German idealism having an intimate relation to the philosophy of evolution of which he knew no more than an Italian monk would to-day know of Spencer. Outside his great conception, he was hardly more than abreast of his reader's stage of thinking. But to construct a durable system of philosophy it is necessary to build upon the solid foundation of deep reflection upon all that man has excogitated. During the many years that Spencer has devoted to writing his books, he has read little, especially of the kind that records advancing thought. The list of authorities in the volume before us illustrates this. It contains something like a hundred books. Two-thirds of them relate to savage life, and were very likely epitomized by readers. At any rate, it is for the most part crude and uncritical material. A quarter of the whole are old standbys which every educated man is supposed to be familiar with, or at least to know about. Then there are works on ethnology, anthropology, and biology, of a special character; and the small residuum is hardly calculated to give a serious idea of modern thought. The inevitable result has been that Mr. Spencer has fallen behind the times. He treats at wearisome length difficulties that are no difficulties, and consequences that are obvious, while many of the questions, objections, and suggestions that most interest the reader he soon finds have not entered into the author's head.

If Mr. Spencer's shortcomings and blindnesses were such as one could see were natural and almost inevitable to a mind engrossed with the conception of evolution, though they would make him more one-sided, they would not prevent the full presentation of his side of the question. But that is not the case; they in fact either have no relation to evolutionism, or, and that more frequently, actually antagonize it. Take, as the first example at hand, the passage quoted above, which represents every operation of the mind as a recognition of a likeness or the recognition of an unlikeness. According to this, every operation of volition, every operation of going to sleep, and every other mental operation, is but an act of recognizing. The first objection to this is that recognizing is something which takes place in the focus of attention, so that all the operations of the mind would take place in that focus, while all modern psychologists agree that most mental operations are so far into the dark that there is room for doubt whether they are in the field of consciousness at all. Clearly, a theory of the evolution of the mind would be aided by thus conceiving mind to shade off into unconsciousness. The next thing we notice about the opinion quoted is that it implies that all relations can be analyzed into likenesses and unlikenesses, the falsity of which has been recognized by every analyst who has seriously examined the question. Spencer says that sequence is unlikeness in order. Undoubtedly, a sequence is *an* unlikeness, but that is no sign that it is nothing but unlikeness, or nothing but a compound of likenesses and unlikeness. It clearly cannot be so, for when A is like or unlike B, B has that same relation to A; while when A is followed by B, B is *ipso facto* not followed by A. Spencer is therefore tiresome, with his old-world psychology of likeness and unlikeness; it is particularly unfavorable to clear conceptions of evolution, which demand a recognition of the distinction between temporal relations and the mere acervations of the crudest form of generalization.

In ethics Mr. Spencer adopts the hedonistic theory. Almost no reason has ever been given for this, except that most dangerous of reasons, that we cannot help thinking so. We certainly are under no such necessity, and the theory ought to be regarded with great suspicion for the present, until scientific observation can be brought to bear upon it. At any rate, it is nothing but a disfigurement of evolutionary ethics, which it only weakens.

A system of philosophy ought to consist in the development of an idea, in the tracing of it out into its necessary consequences, and in the comparison of these consequences with experiences. This comparison will show how far the philosophy may be accepted and what modifications of it are required. This view makes of a system of philosophy nothing more nor less than a very general scientific theory, and it follows as a consequence that a system of philosophy, like every other scientific theory, must stand or fall with its power of making successful *predictions*. But Herbert Spencer, instead of trying to show what characters his first principles require the facts of biology, of psychology, and of sociology to possess—what those principles virtually predict—and then proceeding to compare those predictions with the facts, has begun by endeavoring to make out what the character of those facts *is*, and has loosely traced, as he went along, such harmony with his theory as he could. No philosophy can be firmly established in that way. Nevertheless, it is incontestable that shortly after Mr. Spencer began to write, the world began to take up the idea of evolution, and that to-day nine-tenths of all thinking men carry it just about as far as Spencer does. A man who should have a theory carrying it a little further, although that theory should be of such a nature that it should afford predictions mathematically deduced from it, and capable of being compared with experience, would find no encouragement to develop his theory, or even to state it as far as already developed, or to compare by laborious mathematical calculations the predictions already made with observations already made.

As for the present volume, its contents have little or nothing to do with the theory of evolution. Its discussions of special questions, such as the poor-laws, coming from such a mind as Spencer, must, of course, have their value. But its general principles are little more than prejudices, and that of a pretty old-fogy kind. No doubt, in questions of morals, prejudices are proper subjects of respect, especially when they are such as are shared by all parties and all civilized nations. At the same time they are not unlikely to contain errors which may become important when applied to novel questions. We have always understood that the last parts of the Ethics were to be the crowning glory of the Synthetic Philosophy. Will the world be persuaded that British toryism is the truth with which the universe has so long been in travail?

*Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton, D.D.*, Rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Virginia; Brigadier-General C. S. A.; Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. By his daughter, Susan P. Lee. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1893.

One does not hesitate to speak of the subject of these memoirs as Doctor, rather than as General, Pendleton, although he was a West Point graduate and served with credit, if not with distinction, through the whole course of the rebellion in the Confederate army. We have only to look at the picture of his face which fronts the title-page to be aware that his dominant quality was ecclesiastical and not military. It is the typical ecclesiastical face, that of the priest clothed with a little brief authority and serenely conscious of his official dignity and importance. The whole course of the book bears out this first impression. The ecclesiastical proprieties are never silent in the midst of arms. Willingly at all times Gen. Pendleton puts by his sword and takes his shepherd's crook, and we always feel that the joy of battle which delights him most is behind the pulpit-cushion, not the bristling parapet. His life is written by his daughter, Mrs. Lee, the wife of Edwin G. Lee, a Confederate general, casually mentioned as a kinsman of Robert E. Lee, but with no hint of the degree of his relationship. The tone is feminine throughout, and, though but seldom shrill, is never critical or dispassionate. There is no praise of her father which is not willingly conceded to her filial piety. In every personal relation he was a man to honor and esteem, one who laid the lowliest duties on himself with a patient heart, who, whether as a servant of the Church Militant or the Confederacy triumphant or defeated, did his work man-fashion, in a simple, honest, and straightforward way.

Mrs. Lee's biography is not less valuable for not being critical. It is wonderfully instructive. We seem to be reading again the headlines of the Southern newspapers during the war and their editorials of flaming hope and eager expectation. This note is loudest in the letters of Sandie Pendleton, a brother of Mrs. Lee, who was a colonel attached to Stonewall Jackson's staff, was with him at his death, and met his own September 22, 1864, while trying to rally Early's skirmish line in the affair at Fisher's Hill. There is much more ardor and extravagance in these letters than in Dr. Pendleton's. But, take them both together and the connecting narrative, and we are admitted with remarkable distinctness into the Confederate mind, so confident and hilarious, and into the Federal, so doubting and depressed, while the war drew along its first two tedious years.

Dr. Pendleton was the son of Edmund Pendleton, jr., whose great-uncle and adoptive father was Judge Pendleton of Revolutionary fame. "Early and repeated marriage was a Pendleton habit," and William Nelson, the subject of this biography, was the son of a second marriage which his father consummated at the age of twenty-three. The promise of his youth suffered from the exigencies of his maturity as trout do in their weight when taken from the water into the boat. He was, however, a studious youth, and gladly accepted the opportunity to study at West Point, which an elder brother had declined. The fighting Bishop, Leonidas Polk, was ending his course as young Pendleton was beginning his. Jefferson Davis was two years in advance of Pendleton, Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston one year, while John B. Magruder was one of his classmates, and Albert T. Bledsoe, a literary, mathemati-

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cal, and political secessionist, was another. Pendleton was afterwards remembered with Lee as "one of the good cadets." After his graduation he was first stationed at Fort Moultrie, was then made assistant professor of mathematics at West Point, and shortly transferred to Fort Hamilton, where, hearing that President Jackson was going to order his command to Charleston to put down the nullifiers, he immediately wrote his resignation. The rumor proved unfounded and his resignation was delayed, but this rehearsal must have made his course in 1861 more natural than it might otherwise have been.

His teaching at West Point had convinced him that he was better fitted for the position of a teacher than for military life, especially as he had married with the proverbial Pendleton haste. Leaving the army, his life for some years was one of constant struggle and indifferent success in one petty educational enterprise after another, in Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland. Gradually he found his way into the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and ultimately he became the rector of a church in Lexington, Va. At one time he acted as the agent of the Episcopal Sunday-School Union, and went to New England and to Boston in the discharge of his duties, whence his letters home are of uncommon interest, for they contain well-nigh the only allusions to slavery in the whole course of the book. He found Nehemiah Adams's 'South Side View of Slavery' "infinitely more just than Mrs. Stowe's romance, not hiding the manifold evils of slavery, but very truly contending that in itself it is not sinful, and is even a mighty agency of Providence in mysteriously working out a hopeful destiny for the African race." He "could not but think" of the Southern "operatives" when he went to Lowell and saw the operatives there:

"Those girls—with their three dollars a week—steaming the livelong day amid the din of machinery that deadens every sense, standing for ever over the clattering looms or spindles, and inhaling an atmosphere charged with the mingled fragrance of fish-oil and fetid exhalations, and with common dust interspersed with cotton or woollen fibre, seemed to me doomed to a harder lot than thousands of slave girls."

While he was engaged in teaching, Dr. Pendleton's life was one of rigorous self-denial and much hardship. More than once a cherished theodolite was pawned to bring an answer to the prayer for daily bread. When the war broke out, he was summoned to take command of the newly formed Rockbridge Artillery, and he obeyed the summons with alacrity. His reasons for doing so are given under his own hand with much elaboration. They are principally concerned with a justification of his course, a servant of the Prince of Peace, in taking up arms, and with the provocation of the seceding States for their course. The subject of slavery is conspicuously absent from the discussion, as if it had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

He was made a brigadier-general in the spring of 1862, and, had not the rule of promotion in the artillery arm of the service been different from that of the infantry, he would have been made a major-general, for he had at one time three brigadiers of artillery subordinated to himself. There were few engagements in Virginia and Maryland in which he did not have some part. He was least fortunate at Sharpsburg, and was subjected to some criticism which he endeavored to answer or forestall in an elaborate official report which is given in full. The interest reaches its climax at Gettysburg, where, with Early and others, he bears testimony to the backwardness of Longstreet in carrying out Lee's orders, and attributes to it the Confederate defeat. These pages should be read in connection with Longstreet's justification of himself and attack on Lee in the *Century Magazine* in 1887. Dr. Pendleton's opinion of Lee's character and ability was very high, but of personal relationship they had so little that the suspicion is unavoidable that, on one side, at least, there was antipathy. A bit of correspondence between them in October, 1864, is extremely characteristic of Dr. Pendleton. He had dined with Lee and had omitted to say grace. He writes to apologize, and to say that he may have missed the sign for him to proceed; "or you may have for the time forgotten my sacred office under the military relation in which we commonly meet." Dr. Pendleton was deputed to communicate to Lee the opinion of his generals that the struggle must be given up. This was on April 7, 1865. Lee answered, "I trust it has not come to that." The next morning Grant demanded his surrender, and the circumstances of that event are detailed with all the pathos of extreme simplicity.

It happened before long that Lee came to Lexington and assumed the presidency of the Washington College, and thus became a parishioner of Dr. Pendleton, who, when the war was over, made haste regularly to resume the clerical function which he had never consciously abandoned altogether. Lee's connection with his church was a piece of pecuniary good fortune for him and it, for it enabled him, after the death of the great captain, to economize his fame for the raising of a fund to build a Lee Memorial Church in place of the old one, which was tumbling down. In the course of his efforts to raise this fund he met with some rebuffs, as when a Pennsylvanian who had been approached sent his subscription, but at the same time suggested a plan for a monument to John Brown to which the South would be asked to contribute equally with the North. Dr. Pendleton did not see the joke, not being much developed on the humorous side. His new church was hardly finished when he died very suddenly on January 15, 1883. He was born December 26, 1809. His health was never good, and in the army a succession of ailments sapped his vital force. After the war he had made haste to make his peace both with the national government and with the Northern Episcopal Church, which certainly had not done much to offend the prejudices of the South. Naturally he was a man of peace, and his military career was but the accident of a political conspiracy which swept everybody in the South, except a few persons of exceptional sense or character or fortune, into the ranks of the pro-slavery secession.

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*The Deeds of Beowulf:* An English epic of the eighth century, done into modern prose, with an introduction and notes. By John Earle, M.A., Rector of Swanswick, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. Pp. c, 203.

*Beowulf:* An Anglo-Saxon epic poem, translated from the Heyne-Socin text by John Lesslie Hall, Professor of English and History in the College of William and Mary. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Pp. xviii, 110.

THE publication of both an English and an American translation of 'Beowulf' in the same year is a testimony to the increased interest in that poem which stands at the head of our earliest literature, and an evidence of the zeal with which studies in Old English are now pursued. Prof. Earle's book is about equally divided between introduction, translation, and notes, each occupying about one-third of the volume. The introduction consists of three sections, treating respectively of (1) the discovery of the text and progress of interpretation, (2) the contents of the poem, and (3) "My theory of the origin of the Beowulf." These titles explain themselves, and the contents of the first two sections are sufficiently familiar to Anglo-Saxon scholars; the third may be noticed briefly. Prof. Earle considers that the Hrothgar part and the Hygelac part of the poem are independent. He says (p. lxxviii): "Hygelac has been inserted, not merely into the web of the story, but into the fabric of this very poem after it had been cast upon a simpler plan"; further: "Hygelac and his realm are pure fiction." He then seeks for the motive of this invention, and finds it in the desire of the later poet to glorify the historical Offa, King of Mercia, his wife Cynethryth, and their son, Ecgferth, the Eomaer of the poem. Hygd is introduced to set off Thrytho, *i. e.*, Cynethryth; and Hrothgar, not Hygelac, is a type of Offa, the renowned King. Moreover, with Müllenhoff, Prof. Earle sees "a political drift" in lines 12-25, and thinks that this criticism confirms his own theory. "As Scyld is an allegory of Offa, so is Beowulf, the son of Scyld [not the son of Ecgtheow], an allegory of Ecgferth, the son of Offa." "This description of the mythic Beowulf" is "the vital germ of the entire composition." How simple and easy an explanation of the structure of this perplexing poem, all based on fourteen lines of the Prologue, which constitute "a programme of princely duty in the eighth century"! As we have discovered the *why* of the present form of the poem, the *when* follows as "the last quarter of the eighth century," and the *where* as Gothland; "but though Scania was thought of, the realm of Hygelac is essentially Utopian."

As to the origin of the earlier poem into which "this Utopian part was inserted," Prof. Earle is no wiser than the rest of us. He goes still further, however, and identifies this later poet, the originator of the glorification of the Mercian reigning family, with a certain Hygeberht, "the man chosen by Offa to be Archbishop of Lichfield, and of whom we read in the Life of Offa II. that he was the chief adviser of that King." Prof. Earle grants that the name Hygelac was borrowed from the 'Chocilaicus' of Gregory of Tours, an identification made long ago, "but it was arbitrarily transformed into harmony with the chief element in Hygeberht's name. The Queen of Hygelac is Hygd, another name from the same root, and both these names are of allegorical significance—Prudence and Discretion."

It is impossible in our brief space to give the reasons assigned by Prof. Earle for his theory. We have not found them convincing. As for his translation, it reads well and smoothly, but exception may occasionally be taken to his renderings. Two general criticisms are that he shows a great fondness for Latinized terms, and that he sometimes uses terms which seem inappropriate in an epic poem. As examples of the first may be cited, "So domineered and nefariously warred" (144), "nocturnal pests" (193), "confidential token" (247), "bombastic groom" (869), "enterprized," "shed its intaylèd foliations" (2257), "illustrious potentate" (2385), and, to pass

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over many, "tenemental body" (3179). Such terms scarcely suit the simplicity of 'Beowulf.' A few examples of the second point may be found in the use of "insense" (415), "they had their quietus" (567), "the boss of horrors" (751), "the genial saloon" (!) (772), "that was the whole affair of Grendel's fang" (836-7), "I'd a liked it vastly better that thou'dst a seen his very self" (961-2)—imagine Beowulf talking as a country farmer; "recount to the eagle of his luck *at the spread*" (3027)—perhaps the slang use of this expression has not crossed the water, but its use here is calculated to excite one's risibles.

Prof. Earle's notes are full and learned, and form a valuable addition to the translation. The translation itself has been made from Heyne's *fourth edition*, with use, however, of the fifth edition, *i. e.*, the Heyne-Socin text, which will, doubtless, become the standard.

Prof. Hall's translation, made from the Heyne-Socin text, is both rhythmical and alliterative. The first few lines may serve as a specimen:

"Lo! the Spear-Danes' glory through splendid achievements
The folk-kings' former fame we have heard of,
How princes displayed then their prowess-in-battle.
Oft Scyld the Scefing from scathers in numbers
From many a people their mead-benches tore."

Here there is a preservation of two accents to the half-line, the prominent characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry, with alliteration in lines 1, 3, and 5, on the first and third initially accented syllables, in lines 2 and 4 on the first, second, and third accented syllables, the normal Anglo-Saxon alliteration. The attempt is made to preserve this dactylic-trochaic rhythm, with anacrusis often in each half-line, throughout, and it may be said to be in general successful, although it sometimes fails. The chief objection to alliteration in English translation is that there is a tendency to sacrifice exactness of translation to it, and this difficulty has not always been overcome. Some of the lines have occasionally a prosaic rather than a poetic rhythm, but this may sometimes be mended by transposition of words or slight emendation of phrases. On the whole, the work has been well done, and gives the general reader a good idea of the form and substance of the ancient poem. It contains no introduction, but a brief preface summarizes the story, and is followed by a short bibliography of translations, a glossary of proper names, and a list of words and phrases used by the translator which are not in general use. Footnotes on certain passages give various readings and the views of other scholars, and in the addenda some discrepancies and other oversights in the Heyne-Socin glossary are noticed, but there are oversights in these. A practical drawback to the use of the translation is that there are no marginal numbers corresponding to the lines of the original text, as in Prof. Earle's translation, and this causes a waste of time in comparing the text with the translation. While the translation is not line for line, and therefore there could be no exact correspondence, the insertion of these marginal figures would facilitate reference. But, whatever deductions must be made, this is a commendable translation. The publishers have just issued a cheap edition for the use of students.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, T. B. Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
A Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington. New ed. London: Richard Bentley & Son; New York: Scribners. $6.
Arnold, T. K. Latin Prose Composition. Revised. American Book Co. $1.
Balzac, H. de. Love. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Barr, Mrs. A. E. The Bow of Orange Ribbon: A Romance of New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Bartol, Prof. W. C. The Elements of Solid Geometry. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 75 cents.
Bascom, Prof. John. An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy. Putnams. $2
*Batory, Ignatius. State's Philosophy, Economy, and Finances.* Baltimore: The Author.
Beckford, William. Vathek: An Arabian Tale. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Macmillan. $7.50.
Beet, Rev. J. A. Through Christ to God. Hunt & Eaton. $1.50.
Berry, E. P. Where the Tides Meet. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Biddle, Arthur. A Treatise on the Law of Insurance. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.
Billings, E. E. Marking the Boundary. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
Blackmore, R. D. Lorna Doone. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $3.
Black, W. In Far Lochaber. Harpers. 80 cents.
Bliss, W. R. The Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Bogy, L. V. A Cynic's Sacrifice. G. W. Dillingham.
Boyle, Virginia F. The Other Side: An Historic Poem. Memphis, Tenn.: A. R. Taylor & Co $1.
Bradford, Rev. A. H. The Pilgrim in Old England. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $2.
Bremer, Frederika. The Home; or, Life in Sweden. 2 vols. Putnams. $2.50.
Broadus, Rev. J. A. A Harmony of the Gospels in the Revised Version. Armstrong. $1.50.
Brontë, Anne. The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Brooks, Noah. Statesmen. Scribners. $2.
Bryan, E. A. The Mark in Europe and America. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Bury, J. B. A History of the Roman Empire. Harpers. $1.50.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Boys of Greenway Court: A Tale of the Early Days of Washington. Appletons. $1.50.
Camp, Walter. Book of College Sports. Century Co.
Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Carlyle, T. The French Revolution. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $3.
Catherwood, Mrs. Mary H. The White Islander. Century Co. $1.25.
Chaillu, Paul du. Ivar the Viking. Scribners. $1.50.
Church, J. R. University Football. Scribners. $1.25.
Cleaveland, G. A., and Campbell, R. E. American Landmarks: A Collection of Pictures of Our Country's Historic Shrines. Boston: Balch Bros.
Collar, W. C., and Daniell, M. G. The Beginner's Greek Composition. Boston: Ginn & Co. 95 cents.
Comic Tragedies. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Coolidge, Susan. The Barberry Bush, and Other Stories for Girls. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Daudet, Alphonse. Letters from my Mill. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.
Dennis, Rev. J. S. Foreign Missions after a Century. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
De Witt, Julia A. W. Life's Battle Won. Hunt & Eaton. $1.50.
Dowson, Ernest, and Moore, Arthur. A Comedy of Masks. Appletons. $1.
Drake, S. A. The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies. 1578—1701. Scribners. $1.50.
Duval, Prof. Delphine. Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.20.
Eggleston, Edward. Duffels. Appletons. $1.25.
Ellis, E. S. Across Texas. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Ely, Prof. R. T. Outlines of Economics. Hunt & Eaton. $1.25.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. Namesakes: The Story of a Secret. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Everett-Green, T. Maud Melville's Marriage. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.25.
Fennell, C. A. M. Pindar: The Olympian and Pythian Odes. New ed. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
*Fontaine, C. Livre de Lecture et de Conversation.* Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 95 cents.
Forbes, Edith E. The Children's Year-Book. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Garrett, E. H. Elizabethan Songs "in Honour of Love and Beautie." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Gilder, R. W. The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems. Century Co.
Gladden, Rev. W. The Cosmopolis City Club. Century Co. $1.
Goodnow, Prof. F. J. Comparative Administrative Law. 2 vols. Putnams. $5.
Gordon, Rev. G. A. The Witness to Immortality, in Literature, Philosophy and Life. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Graves, Prof. F. P. The Philoctetes of Sophocles. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $1.
Green, Maj. A. O. A Practical Arabic Grammar. Part II. 3d ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Miller, F. J. The Æneid and Bucolics of Vergil. American Book Co. $1.50.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Wallace, Prof. James. Xenophon's Anabasis. Seven Books. American Book Co. $1.50.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. Sweet Bells Out of Tune. Century Co. $1.25.
Harris, Prof. J. R. The Newly Recovered Apology of Aristides. James Pott & Co. 50 cents.
Hart, Prof. A. B. Practical Essays on American Government. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Hays, D. G., Lowry, C. D., and Rishel, A. C. High School Laboratory Manual of Physics. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Higby, C. D. A General Outline of Civil Government. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Holmes, Mrs. Mary J. A Fair Puritan. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Hopkins, Mark. Modern Skepticism in its Relations to Young Men. F. H. Revell Co. 25 cents.
Howell, F. W. W. Icelandic Pictures. London: Religious Tract Society; New York: F. H. Revell Co. $3.20.
*Howells, W. D. My Year in a Log Cabin.* Harpers. 50 cents.
Index to Harper's *Magazine*. Vols. I. to LXXXV. Harpers.
Janeway, J. B. H. His Love for Helen. G. W. Dillingham 50 cents.
Janvier, T. A. An Embassy to Provence. Century Co.
Jebb, Prof. R. C. The Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isæus. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.
Jenner, Sir William. Lectures and Essays on Fevers and Diphtheria, 1849 to 1879. Macmillan. $4.
Johnson, J. B., Bryan, C. W., and Turneaure, F. E. The Theory and Practice of Modern Framed Structures. John Wiley & Sons. $10.
Joy, Jane E. Paula Crayton. Hunt & Eaton. 70 cents.
King, Miss Grace. Balcony Stories. Century Co.
Knox, T. W. John Boyd's Adventures. Appletons. $1.50.
Knox, T. W. The Boy Travellers in Southern Europe. Harpers. $3.
*Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare.* T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini. Century Co.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXXVI. Malthus—Mason. Macmillan. $3.75.
Liddon, Rev. H. P. Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey. Vols. I. and II. Longmans, Green & Co. $9.
Linton, W. J. Life of John Greenleaf Whittier. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.
*Littell's Living Age.* July-September, 1893. Boston: Littell & Co
Luquiens, Prof. J. Michelet's Prise de la Bastille. Boston: Ginn & Co. 25 cents.
Maas, Rev. A. J. Christ in Type and Prophecy. Vol. I. Benziger Bros.
Macdonald, A. R. Prison Secrets. Acme Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Macleod, H. D. The Theory and Practice of Banking. Vol. II. 5th ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Marthold, Jules de. The History of a Bear-skin. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
McAulay, A. Utility of Quaternions in Physics. Macmillan. $1.60.
Merrill, Mary B. Helpful Words from the Writings of E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Mickley, Miss Minnie F. The Genealogy of the Mickley Family of America. Mickleys, Pa.: The Author.
Morgan, Prof. M. H. Xenophon's Art of Horsemanship. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Morrison, Sarah E. Chilhowee Boys. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Munroe, Kirk. The White Conquerors: A Tale of Toltec and Aztec. Scribners. $1.25.
Munro, Prof. J. E. C. Commercial Law: An Elementary Text-Book for Commercial Classes. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Page, T. N. Meh Lady: A Story of the War. Scribners. $1.50.
Pearce, J. H. Drolls from Shadowland. Macmillan. $1.25.
Pennell, Mrs. Elizabeth R. To Gypsyland. Century Co. $1.50.
Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens. Appletons. $5.
Peterson, Prof. W. Cornelii Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Piatt, J. J. Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Pittenger, Rev. W. The Interwoven Gospels. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $1.
Plympton, A. G. Robin's Recruit. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Ratzel, Prof. Friedrich. Politische und Wirtschafts-Geographie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Zweite Auflage. Munich: R. Oldenbourg.
Rawlinson, Prof. George. The Story of Parthia. Putnams. $1.50.
Rice, Dr. J. M. The Public-School System of the United States. *Century Co. $1.50.*
Riley, J. W. Poems Here at Home. Century Co. $1.50.
Rives, Amélie. Tanis, the Sang-Digger. *Town Topics* Publishing Co. $1.50.
Rocheterie, Maxime de la. The Life of Marie Antoinette. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
Rockwood, Prof. F. E. Velleius Paterculus. Book II, chaps. xli.-cxxxi. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn $1.
Roosevelt, Theodore, and Grinnell, G. B. American Big-Game Hunting. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. $2.50.
Roscoe, Sir Henry, and Lunt, Joseph. Inorganic Chemistry for Beginners. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Ross, Clinton. Two Soldiers and a Politician. Putnams. 75 cents.
Ruskin, John. The Elements of Drawing. Brantwood Edition. Maynard, Merrill & Co. $1.50.
Russell, A. P. *Sub-Cœlum. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin* & Co. $1.25.
Russell, Prof. I. F. Lectures on Law for Women. 2d ed. New York: L. K. Strouse & Co.
Steel, Mrs. F. A. Miss Stuart's Legacy. Macmillan. $1.
Stockton, F. R. The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories. Scribners. $1.25.
Stoddard, W. O. Men of Business. Scribners. $2.
Stoddard, W. O. The White Cave. Century Co. $1.50.
Stories of the Army. Scribners. 75 cents.
Story, A. T. William Blake. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 90 cents.
Stringham, Prof. Irving. Uniplanar Algebra. San Francisco: Berkeley Press. $1.25.
Sunday Reading for the Young. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.25.
Toner, Dr. J. M. Journal of George Washington, 1754. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons.
Trollope, T. A. La Beata. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cents.
Trowbridge, J. T. Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage, and Other Stories. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Tuckerman, Bayard William Jay and the Constitutional Movement for the Abolition of Slavery. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
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